Oct. 5, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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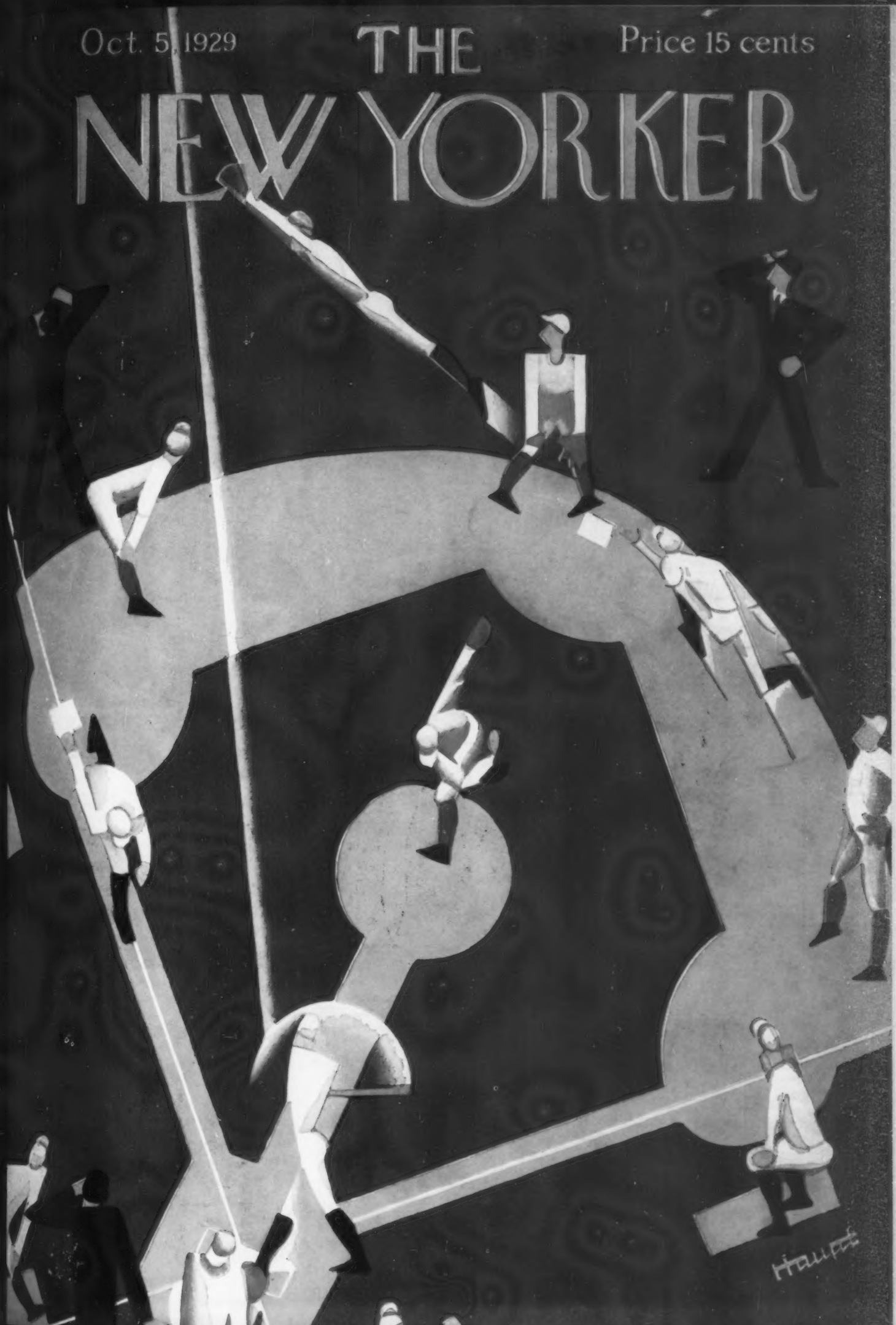

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. No. 33, October 5, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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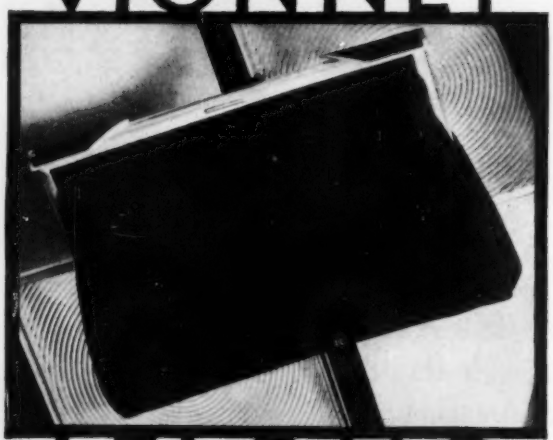

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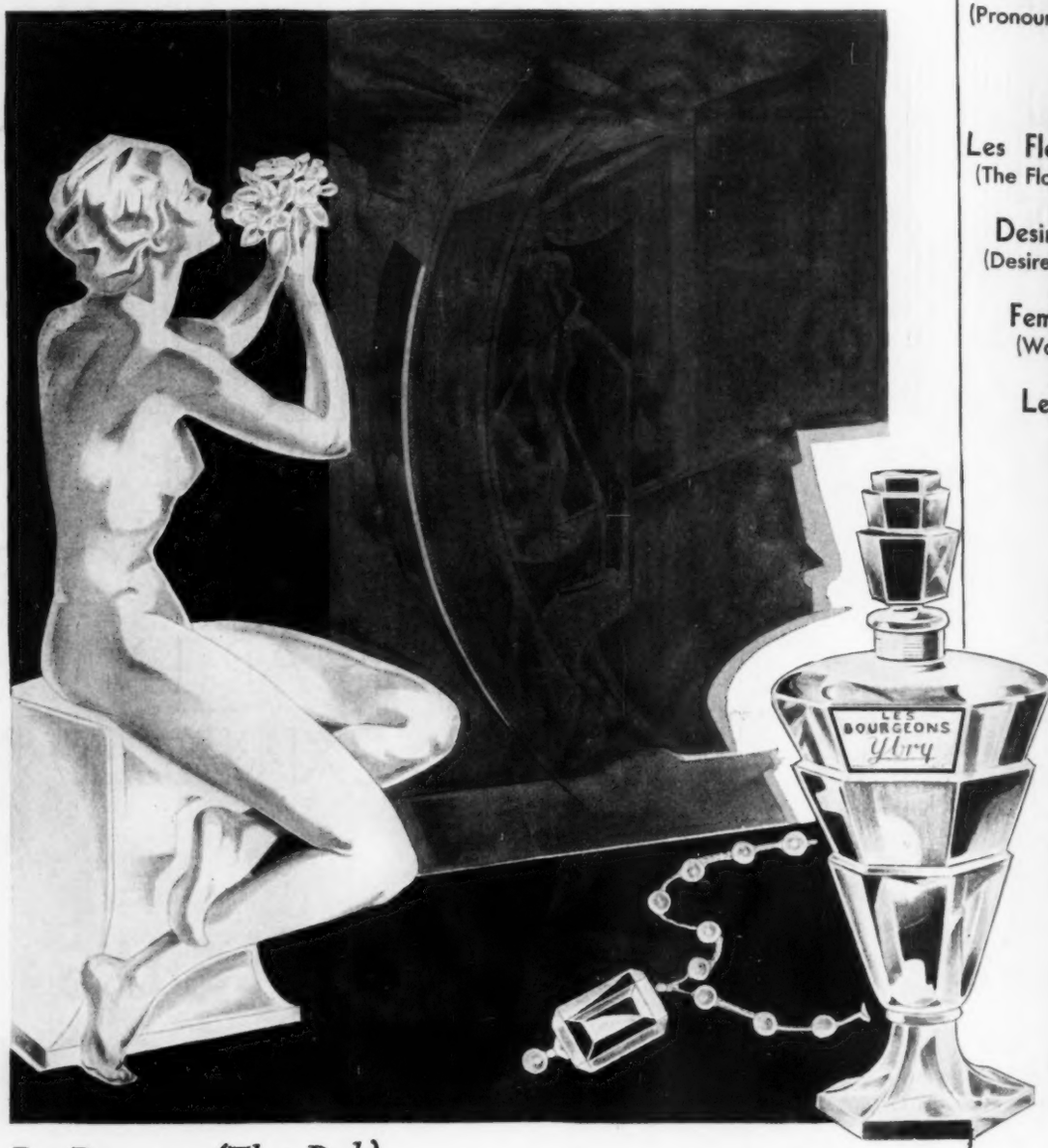

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KNOX The Hatter

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants, finely played by an English cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—A gay, Czechoslovakian Cinderella play entertainingly done by the Guild. Last two days. (Guild, 52, W. Closes Sat., Oct. 5.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Sea Gull," excellent production of Tchekov's play. (Fri. Eve., Oct. 4; Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Oct. 8 and 10; Sat. Mat., Oct. 12) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," another good Tchekov production. (Sat. Mat., Oct. 5; Wed. Mat., Oct. 9.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," Spanish light comedy, preceded by "A Sunny Morning," by the Brothers Quintero. (Sat. Eve., Oct. 5.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," a play translated from the French of Claude Anet. (Mon. Eve., Oct. 7, première; Wed. and Fri. Eves., Oct. 9 and 11.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Miss Le Gallienne. (Sat. Eve., Oct. 12.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE COMMODORE MARRIES—A great deal of nautical talk to no particular good end except to give Walter Huston a chance to show what a good actor he is. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., Oct. 5.)

GAMBLING—First act great, second act good, third act just nothing as a solution to a murder mystery. But George M. Cohan is in it, which makes everything all right. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—How to hide a corpse at a fraternity houseparty. Seeing this may help you out next February. (Cort, 48, E.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Sparkling and effective comedy of small-town life. Good unclean fun. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore plays a disturbing divorcée in a facile and entertaining comedy by Rachel Crothers. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—A quiet little play with a lot of sentimental value. It also brings Ernest Truex back to us from England. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

PORGY—A limited return engagement of one of the few really important plays of the past few seasons. Since its run here it has been making London negro-conscious. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M. Closes Sat., Oct. 12.)

REMOTE CONTROL—Murder in a radio studio. *That's* something you hadn't thought of before. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

ROPE'S END—Two young men kill a buddy for fun and serve supper from the chest in which he is hidden. Macabre but pretty engrossing. (Masque, 45, W.)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—A mediocre murder play with several excellent features. Violet Heming and A. E. Anson head the cast. (Ritz, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and important play. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. Easily the best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Murder in the subway. Ingenious, and fun to watch. (Liberty, 42 W.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. Still a little off-color but very funny in spots. Will Mahoney, alone, is worth seeing. (44 Street, 44, W.)

FOLLOW THRU—Riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good music and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Not so good as last year's, but good enough. Willie and Eugene Howard and Frances Williams are the mainstays. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and attractive. Last two days. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Closes Sat., Oct. 5.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Uneven all-colored revue, harboring a few very funny sketches. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—This intimate revue seems to be getting more and more popular as the new season wears on. And why not? Libby Holman, Fred Allen, and Clifton Webb are still in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—One very good song number, some beautiful things to look at, and a few very vulgar sketches. Jimmie Savo and Trixie Friganza are the comedy leads. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Routine Shubert revue, with good low comedy by Ted Healy and his gang. (Majestic, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Not quite up to the Ziegfeld standard but well worth seeing. With Dorothy Stone and Jimmy Durante. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Closes Sat., Oct. 5.)

SWEET ADELINE—Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and a Kern score, combining to start the season off with a bang. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production, Eddie Cantor supplying the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—Dion Boucicault's veteran melodrama, "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow," played just as it was fifty years ago, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . "Star of Bengal," a slightly rickety sea melodrama in which Joan Lowell finds out about life, is at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5732). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified because of frequent late changes by managers.)

KARL AND ANNA—The first Theatre Guild production of the season, with Alice Brady. Opens Mon., Oct. 7. (Guild, 52, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JENNY—Jane Cowl in a comedy by Edward Sheldon and Margaret Ayer Barnes. Opens Tues., Oct. 8. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

JUNE MOON—A play by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. Opens Wed. Oct. 9. (Broadhurst, 44, W., 8:50 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

CANDLE LIGHT—A comedy by P. G. Wodehouse from the German of Siegfried Geyer, with Gertrude Lawrence. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

A HUNDRED YEARS OLD—Otis Skinner in a comedy from the Spanish of the Brothers Quintero. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

LADIES LEAVE—A new comedy by Sophie Treadwell, with Henry Hull. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mat. Thurs.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dancing to Leo Reisman's orchestra in handsome Joseph Urban settings.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Opens for the season Fri., Oct. 11, with Moss and Fontana, and Libby Holman.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd; dancing by Medrano and Donna.*

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—The Roof closes after Tues. Eve., Oct. 8, and the Seaglade reopens Wed. Eve., Oct. 9. Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

THE TROCADERO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Formerly the Heigh-Ho. Redecorated, and opening Fri. Eve., Oct. 4, with Chick Endor, and Ramon and Rosita entertaining.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to an Emil Coleman orchestra.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Among the night clubs of this type: Les Ambassadeurs (formerly Rendezvous), Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where you will find that mad trio, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White entertaining the Broadway crowd. . . . Casanova, 134 W. 52, where Fred Keating does his tricks.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; The Dome, 52 W. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The most low-down and amusing places do not welcome unknown whites, but you will enjoy The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is the newest arrival. . . . The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14; and The Russian Bear, 201 2 Ave., are pleasantly Bohemian and inexpensive.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open

(Continued on page 12)

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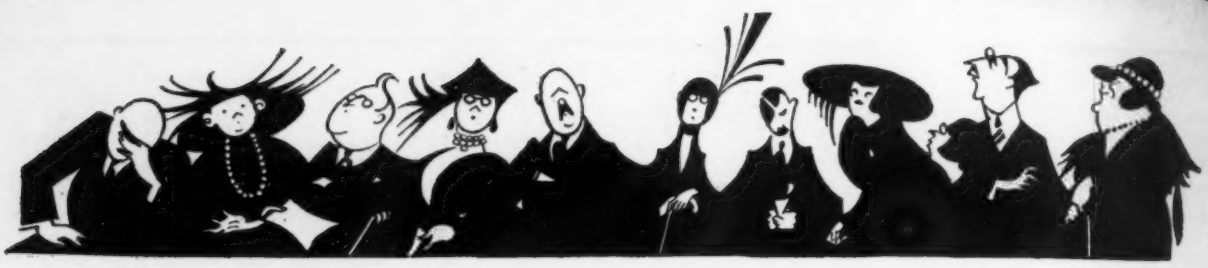

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12]

(Continued from page 10)

to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—A diverting tale of various horrors, with especially good photography to heighten the effects, and Ronald Colman as the young hero. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Oct. 12; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE DANCE OF LIFE—The movie version, resplendent and effective, of the play "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 5-7; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., Oct. 12.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—Worth while for a few fine African scenes. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. 6 P.M.; closes Sun., Oct. 6.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—A spirited musical show with a backstage story, from the Avery Hopwood farce. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HALLELUJAH—All-negro picture, expertly done, of life in the cotton fields. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A full-sized musical revue with half of Hollywood in the cast. A bit overwhelming, but entertaining. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6. P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

MADAME X—Highly effective talkie devised from the big old heartbreak drama, featuring Ruth Chatterton. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—Somewhat disreputable characters in an amusing comedy of London on Armistice Day. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Big Time," an agreeable echo of "Broadway," thanks to Lee Tracey; "The Cock Eyed World," the marines of "What Price Glory" at it again in a very funny comedy; "Jealousy," Jeanne Eagels as superb as ever in a tragic drama of the emotions; "Paris Bound," Ann Harding in an excellent adaptation of Philip Barry's comedy.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

WHY BRING THAT UP?—The Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack, in a talkie. Opens Fri., Oct. 4, at 9 P.M. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42.)

RIO RITA—Movie version of the Ziegfeld show, with Bebe Daniels. Opens Sun., Oct. 6, at 8:45 P.M. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50.)

APPLAUSE—Helen Morgan's first talkie. Opens Tues., Oct. 8, at 8:45 P.M. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

ART

AMERICANS PREFERRED—Some of the best of the younger men with fresh samples of their summer work: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., starting Thurs., Oct. 10.

AMERICAN—Another group of local boys who have a following: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Annual splurge of all sorts of things of the better-known classic and contemporary French: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave., above 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., starting Sat., Oct. 5.

MODERN FRENCH—Group showing of some of the first and lesser lights: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

OSBORN—Air-brush experiments by a craftsman who has been occupied with making lamps out of kitchenware: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MUSIC

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Oct. 4, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Oct. 5, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Oct. 6, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 10, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 11, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Oct. 12, at 11 (Young People's Concert).

FRITZ KREISLER—Get your tickets now: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 8, at 8:30.

FINE ARTS OPERA COMPANY—Tschaikowsky's "Eugen Onegin:" Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 8 Ave., Sat. Eve., Oct. 5, at 8:15.

ON THE AIR

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Henry Hadley conducting: Sat. Eves., Oct. 5 and 12, at 9:30 P.M., over WABC.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Broadcast from Carnegie Hall, Toscanini conducting: Sun., Oct. 6, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

LIGHT OPERA—"Her Regiment," by Victor Herbert: Sun., Oct. 6, at 4 P.M., over WJZ.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Sun., Oct. 6, at 5:30 P.M., over WEAF.

POPULAR MUSIC—Phil Ohman and Victor Arden, piano soloists, with orchestra: Sun., Oct. 6, at 8:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Paul Whiteman and his orchestra: Tues., Oct. 8, at 9 P.M., over WABC. . . . Vincent Lopez and his orchestra: Thurs., Oct. 10, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

BASEBALL—The World Series will be broadcast from Chicago, Tues. and Wed., Oct. 8 and 9, at 2:30 P.M., and from Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 11 and 12, at 1:30 P.M., over WEAF, WJZ, and WABC.

GRAND OPERA—"L'Amico Fritz," by Mascagni: Wed., Oct. 9, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

GLORIA SWANSON—Movie star as soprano soloist: Thurs., Oct. 10, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore: Sat., Oct. 12, at 2:30 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Yale vs. Georgia, at Athens, Ga.: Sat., Oct. 12, at 2:30 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Last games of season, at Yankee Stadium, at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun., Oct. 5 and 6. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Oct. 5, at 2:30 P.M.—Columbia vs. Union, Baker Field. . . . N. Y. U. vs. West Virginia Wesleyan, Ohio Field. . . . Fordham vs. St. Bonaventure, Fordham Field. . . . C. C. N. Y. vs. Lowell, Lewisohn Stadium. . . . Yale vs. Vermont, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Amherst, Princeton.

Sat., Oct. 12, at 2:30 P.M.—Columbia vs. Wesleyan, Baker Field. . . . N. Y. U. vs. Fordham, Polo Grounds. . . . Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton. . . . Navy vs. Notre Dame, Municipal Stadium, Baltimore, Md.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Ohio Field, University Ave. at 181: take East Side subway to 180 St. . . . Fordham Field: take 3 Ave. "L" to Fordham Rd., or N. Y. C. train to Fordham Sta. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136; take B'way subway to 137 St. or Bus No. 5. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:30 P.M.; for Baltimore, from Penn. Sta., 9:10 A.M.

DOG SHOW—Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury, L. I., Sat., Oct. 5.

HORSE SHOW—Piping Rock Horse Show, Locust Valley, L. I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 4 and 5.

HUNT RACES—Westchester Biltmore Steeplechase Association. Bowman Park, Rye, N. Y., Sat., Oct. 5, at 2:30 P.M. (Special train leaves Grand Central at 1:15 P.M.) . . . Ensign Sweepstake Steeplechases, Mount Kisco, N. Y., Sat. Aft., Oct. 12.

RACING—Jamaica track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

DANCE RECITALS—Irma Duncan and the Isadora Duncan Dancers: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Mon., and Sat. Eves., Oct. 6, 7, and 12, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 12, at 2:30.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE—Important loan exhibition of eighteenth and early nineteenth-century furniture and glass, together with portraits by Stuart, Peale, Trumbull, and others. For the benefit of the National Council of Girl Scouts: American Art Galleries, Madison at 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Wed., Oct. 9.

DEBATE—"Is Modern Education a Failure?" Bertrand Russell, affirmative; Will Durant, negative: Mecca Temple, Sun., Oct. 6, at 8 P.M.

ELECTRICAL SHOW—Annual display: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Mon. through Sat., Oct. 7-12. Open 2 to 10:30 P.M. daily.

AIR CIRCUS—Aerial acrobatics, parachute leaps, etc. Fun for the crowd: Roosevelt Field, L. I., every Sun., starting at 2 P.M. (Take L.I.R.R., Penn. Sta., to Mineola, or motor out Nassau Boulevard.)

NOTES—Registration days for the November elections are Mon. through Sat., Oct. 7-12. . . . Columbus Day is Sat., Oct. 12.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

FOOTBALL—Oct. 19: Yale vs. Brown, New Haven: N. Y. U. vs. Penn State, Yankee Stadium; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge; Cornell vs. Princeton, Ithaca; Columbia vs. Dartmouth, New York. . . . Oct. 26: Yale vs. Army, New Haven; Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge; N. Y. U. vs. Butler, Yankee Stadium; Columbia vs. Williams, New York. . . . Nov. 2: Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven; Princeton vs. Chicago, Princeton; Penn vs. Navy, Philadelphia; Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca; N. Y. U. vs. Georgetown, Yankee Stadium.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show, Madison Sq. Garden, Nov. 7-14.

HUNT RACE MEETS—Monmouth County Racing Assoc., Red Bank, N. J., Oct. 19. . . . Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N. J., Oct. 23 and 26. . . . United Hunts Racing Assoc., Belmont Park, Nov. 2 and 5. . . . Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., Nov. 6 and 9.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera season opens Oct. 28. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Carnegie Hall, Oct. 22. . . . Important recitals at Carnegie Hall: Josef Lhevinne, Oct. 27; Efrem Zimbalist, Oct. 28; Reinald Werrenrath, Nov. 1; Paderewski, Nov. 8.

RACING—Jamaica, through Oct. 16. . . . Empire City, Yonkers, Oct. 17-Nov. 1.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"The Middle Watch," a farcical comedy from London: Times Square, Oct. 16. . . . "Maggie the Magnificent," a new play by George Kelly: Cort, Oct. 21. . . . "Abraham Lincoln," a revival of Drinkwater's play, with Frank McGlynn: Forrest, Oct. 21. . . . "Berkeley Square," a play by John L. Balderston, with Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore: Nov. 4. . . . "Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's operetta, with Evelyn Laye: Ziegfeld, Nov. 5.

OTHER DATES—Rodeo, Madison Sq. Garden, Oct. 24-Nov. 2. . . . Election Day is Tues., Nov. 5. Actors' Equity Ball, Hotel Astor, Nov. 9. . . . Thanksgiving is Thurs., Nov. 28.

Dress and accessories from The Little Shop, R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH amazing energy, the New Woman has taken to writing books. Busy as she is with life in general, she yet finds time for her sixty thousand words or so. The names of new lady novelists bloom on the jackets of books wherever we go—pop suddenly into view like moonflowers. Out of nineteen volumes which we saw in a bookseller's window yesterday, eleven were by females. Scratch a lady at a tea party and find a novelist. There's no escaping them; aggressive, restless, they can say a sharp thing tellingly and, worse luck, do. The day we dread is the day they decide to affect being faintly sick, like Keats, or go along the street kicking trees, like Doctor Johnson. Already we've begun to withdraw into our alcove, which smells of leather and old cheese and Thomas Hardy. The

Brontë sisters are there, but that's all right—we're not going to give up women altogether, not us.

THE pother about young Coolidge's marriage to the Connecticut girl seems to have outdone the fuss over Lindbergh and Miss Morrow. The reason is, of course, that young Coolidge and his lady have a more important political connection than the Lindberghs, being immediate descendants of a president and a governor. The marriage brought out America's old, sneaking, suppressed desire for a royal family. It burst forth fiercely two decades ago over Alice Roosevelt's marriage. She was sometimes referred to then as Princess Alice. Lots of people have a touch of royalist yearning without knowing what is the matter with them. It causes bankers to collect expensive foreign paintings; it makes Long Island wives go in for English butlers; it leads nobodies to hunt up coats of arms, capitalists to have por-

traits of themselves painted; it shows up in Latin mottoes on the doormats of hotels, the liveries of apartment-house doormen, and the desire of the common people for heavily encrusted Christmas cards. It might do no harm to have a royal family in this country to coördinate the restless enthusiasms and conserve the nervous energy of a glamour-hungry people. The unbridled to-do over Valentinos, Vallées, and such, who clutter up lobbies and rotogravure sections would be done away with. The trouble would be to find a suitable family. At the moment we can think of none—except possibly Mr. and Mrs. Gann.

AT various times in the past there have been a hotel, a night club, a chewing-gum, a musical revue, a race horse, and a necktie named after us. Now the Knox Hat Company is courteously calling one of its fall models The New Yorker. There is also an airplane called The New Yorker. This might not have caused any confusion had not Eddie Cantor officiated at the plane's transcontinental send-off. As matters stand now, the populace has the general feeling that Eddie Cantor is publishing the magazine and that the magazine is making hats. It doesn't sound impossible.

IT'S time something was done about the way stores conceal their wares. Maybe you've noticed. In some of the new hat stores try and find a hat—they're all tucked away in mahogany seclusion, the very sight of a hat being, presumably, offensive to a customer. In a cravat store, one experiences the delusion of grandeur on discovering that there are no cravats visible to the naked eye. Just between you and us, there's a lot of boloney connected with such polite merchandising; and we are particularly incensed to learn that there is to be a grocery store in Park Avenue so eminently elegant that not even a Brussels sprout will disturb the chaste loveliness of the reception-room. Because of the inherent vulgarity of vegetables, everything will be kept safely behind partitions. As a person who

spent a good portion of last summer in a general store, moodily surveying a genial and almost wholly disorganized lot of green groceries, boxed fruits, hand-knit wool socks, bananas, olives, 30-30 cartridges, ginger ale, butter, tobacco, transmission oil, corset laces, salami, licorice sticks, Mazola, rubber dubbing, and other general supplies (as displayed by Mr. M. F. McKey, prop.), we deplore the trend of a civilization which takes away from a store its original and well-deserved confusion. We warn this new Park Avenue establishment that we have very little time, or patience either, to expend on any store where a fellow can't get up from his seat on a grain sack, pick his

way through the merchandise, and help himself to a bit of sausage. Or maybe try on a pair of pants.

Poor Richard

IT seems there is good reason for the fancy, horsey-sounding names, like Green Flash, Questioner, etc., they give greyhound racers. A beginner at the game has learned this. He imported from England a secretly trained dog named Richard, a record-breaker, and entered him at one of the Long Island tracks. The dog, being unknown, was given long odds and the owner brought down a party of friends to get in on a sure thing.

The hound took off perfectly, ran more fleetly than the other dogs, and at the home stretch was five lengths ahead of the field. Fifty feet from the finish line he passed his master, who shouted feverishly, "Come on, Richard! Come on, Richard!" Richard skidded to a stop as the other hounds loped past him and went trotting toward his master, wagging his tail gleefully. The owner now enters him under the name Kenilworth Lad.

Mimic

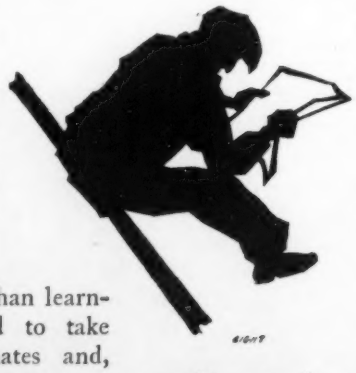
THE success of Mr. Charles Butterworth, the conspicuous comedian of "Sweet Adeline," is, to put it in one hyphenated word, mushroom-like. A little more than two years ago he was acting, in a depressed sort of way, as secretary to J. P. McEvoy, who then was writing the sketches for "Americana." One day he told his employer that he would like to try out for a part in that revue. McEvoy humored him mildly. "I'll do a thing I used to do around college," Butterworth said. He thereupon went through the parody Rotary Club speech which was enthusiastically included by McEvoy in his show.

The comedian is but six years out of college and is just thirty. He comes from South Bend, went to common school there and then to Notre Dame, which is also there. He might now be practicing law there too, but that he was better at mimicking his professors than learning from them. He used to take them off for his roommates and, later, for groups of classmates at parties. To add to his repertoire he went to businessmen's lunch clubs and then aped the speakers he heard.

After college, Butterworth assailed Chicago with his talents. He gave his monologues before vaudeville managers. One, after listening to him, suggested that he take up tap-dancing. He then tried movie houses. He got a try-out in a suburban theatre. Before he went on for the first time, the stage manager asked him what lights he wanted. "All of them," said Butterworth, meaning footlights and house-lights. The manager, however, took him literally, and the comedian made his professional début while multi-colored lights played on him practically all the colors of the spectrum. This broke his spirit. He fled from the stage and from Chicago. It wasn't until "Americana" that he got his break, all the vaudeville agents here being profoundly uninterested over a period of three or four years.

Etiquette

YOU don't have to believe this, but a gentleman returned from abroad says that an American girl studying in Italy went into a moving-picture theatre and suddenly realized that she was sitting just behind none other than Il Duce, Mussolini himself. His visit was incognito, and successfully so, for no one recognized him in the half light of the cinema. He was enjoying everything hugely until, in the midst of a newsreel, a portrait of himself in heroic pose was thrown on the screen. The spectators, of course, all arose, cheering wildly, all save Mussolini himself, who sat through the demonstration, fidgeting. His had been, obviously, a rather nice point—whether to stand up and risk being recognized honoring himself, or to remain modestly seated. After the excitement was over an old Italian lady who had the seat next him leaned over and said: "Signor, that's how we all feel, but it's safer to stand up."



Cavern Fun

BOTTOMLEY, WAGNER & WHITE, the architects, have designed a tennis court under a pansy bed. We report this not only as a novelty but as a trend. Relaxation and sport in this town (private and semi-private) are going underground. Many of the new coöperative apartment buildings and several of next year's skyscrapers will have from one to three floors below the street level devoted to gymnasiums, swimming pools, and places for court games. We wonder it wasn't thought of before. Up to now there have been only four swimming pools available in town, outside of private clubs, Y. M. C. A.'s, and the like; these are in the Hotels Shelton, Park Central, Barbizon, and des Artistes.

The Bottomley, etc., building we mentioned will be a twenty-five-story coöperative affair covering an entire block-front facing the East River, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third Streets. There will be two full-sized tennis courts three stories below the ground. That is, games will be played on the floor of the second sub-basement. The ceiling of the court nearest the river will form the support for a garden. Incidentally, guests will go down broad walks through this garden to a private dock for yachts at the river's edge. But to get back below ground. There will also be a subterranean gymnasium, squash courts, showers, dressing-rooms, a swimming pool, and a garage with long ramps leading down to it. A ventilating system will produce balmy outdoors weather.

Several other proposed coöperative buildings, two of them to be in Park Avenue, will have similar basements. So will the Battery Tower, forty-story skyscraper which is being built downtown for businessmen and women to live in. It will have a magnificent pool, way down deep, with galleries ranged around it, and club lounges off these. A pool will probably be included, too, in the eighty-story Empire State Building, which Al Smith and others are planning for the Waldorf site. Things are looking down.

Another Racket

MOST motorists have learned to be wary of the furtive cut-rate filling station, having found the gasoline diluted. Lately, however, investigators from the big refineries, finding that in some places the fuel was as good as their own, have uncovered a new racket: gasoline bootlegging. It is a complicated dodge, requiring corruption all along the line. The tank driver delivers seven hundred gallons of gas. The checker at the filling

station receipts for a thousand. The driver goes off with the extra three hundred gallons and sells it to the bootleg station, usually for ten cents a gallon. This leaves an ample margin of profit, even when resold at cut rates. Everybody makes money and is happy—driver, checker, bootleg dealer, even the motorist—everybody but the refiners, and they're sore about it.

Down to the Sea

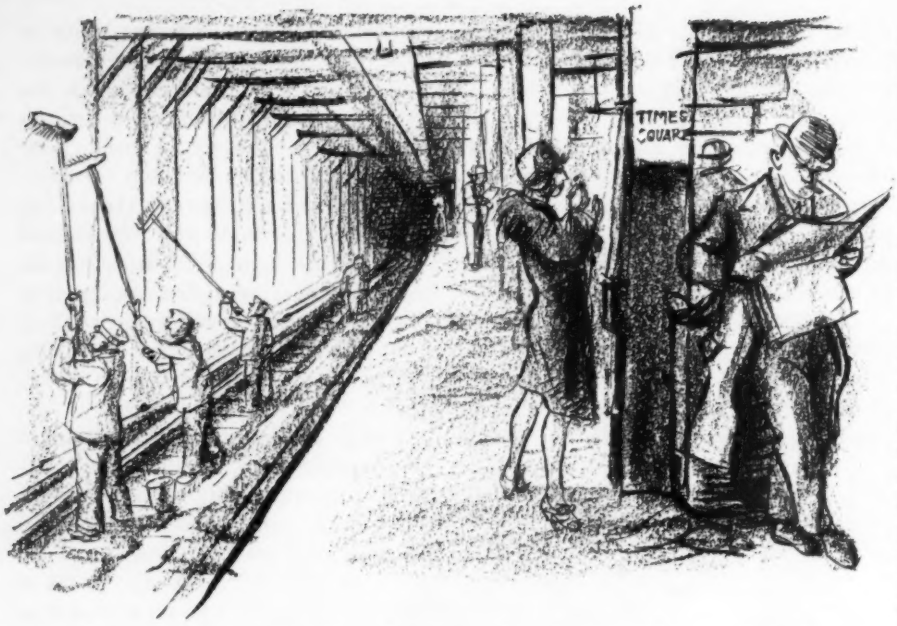
WHEN the big steamship companies set their sailings at midnight, it tripled the strain put on the Pilots' Association. Three times as many persons as formerly miss the "visitors ashore" bell, get carried off down the harbor, and have to be dropped, with the pilot, off Sandy Hook. The pilots regard the matter as a nuisance, but the passengers are apt to be exhilarated by the adventure—which has its perils. They are rowed in a bobbing dory from the liner to one of the two pilot boats of the Port, the New York or the Sandy Hook, which also bob a lot. They get a bunk for the night and a hearty breakfast next morning—if they feel like a hearty breakfast—and then are sent home by tug, all free of charge. Men are the more numerous offenders, drink the principal cause. Women sometimes make the trip, however. The Duchesse de Richelieu had to be taken off once. Through an error, her stateroom had been sold to someone else: she refused all others and insisted on departing the ship with the pilot. On the memorable night when the Tunneys sailed, seven persons stayed on board too long and had to make the trip to Sandy Hook.

"Well, make up your mind!"

The pilots, in case you don't know about them, are not, as is sometimes thought, retired sea captains. The fact is, most sea captains regard the business as a mild bother, for nearly all of them could take their own ships in and out of port without trouble. Back in 1860, however, someone thought there ought to be specialists to do this for them. Pilots, under the form of indenture drawn up at that time, must pass through a long period of apprenticeship, never less than five years, sometimes as much as eight. They row the dory, study charts, sail a ketch to Staten Island for supplies—all for a few dollars' pay a month—until finally they are allowed to take a liner of the smallest draft down the harbor. When a man can guide one drawing thirty-two feet through the channel, he has earned a full pilot's license.

Full-fledged pilots rarely get ashore for long. They have a month's vacation every year, but the other eleven months they live aboard one of the two pilot boats on ceaseless patrol off the mouth of the harbor. Between them, the two boats provide quarters for about forty pilots and half that many apprentices. They play cards mostly, during the long watches. When an incoming boat looms up, one of the pilots takes it up the channel, transfers to an outgoing liner, brings it down the harbor, rows over to the pilot boat and, perhaps a day later, sits in the card game again. The card game is always going on.

The great boast of the Pilots' Association is that no pilot boat has ever gone inshore or left its post to seek shelter. No



matter how nasty the weather, they are always at their station. Sometimes, in rough weather, though, it takes hours to maneuver the tiny dory so that the liner can take the pilot aboard. At such times it is even harder for an outgoing vessel to drop a pilot. Sometimes it is impossible and the pilot who has rescued so many passengers from being carried away to Europe is himself carried off in turn. This happened twice last year. In the past twenty years only two pilots have lost their lives. A dory bearing one was driven by the wind into the propellor of a steamer. The other was lost in a gale in 1908.

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WHEN time hangs heavy and traffic is light, one of the ticket sellers at the Marble Hill station of the New York Central, 222nd Street and Broadway, embroiders. Doilies mostly. It keeps him serene and even-tempered.

Blackstone Revised

A GENTLEMAN of Newport who went to Mexico on a personal matter reports that the goings-on in the courts there are generally strange. He got a divorce decree the day after his arrival and would have been back on American soil that evening but for an unexpected and untoward event which held him up. On his first afternoon he had dropped into an antique shop where he looked over some admirable Spanish brasses. He would have bought some pieces but he found the price too high and walked out of the store without discussion. That evening a large crucifix, a pair of fifteenth-century altar candlesticks, and several other objects were delivered C.O.D. at his hotel, accompanied by a bill for eight thousand dollars. He sent the things back saying there had been a mistake. A few hours later he was served with papers in a suit for the value of the collection. He frantically sought out the native lawyer who had represented him in the divorce action. The latter was reassuring, voluble. The antique dealer was a rascal. That was well known. The attorney said leave everything to him. The case came up in court. The dealer took the stand. The American, he testified, had plainly ordered these things. The dealer went minutely into details. The American was horrified. He was further horrified when six other Mexicans took the stand and supported the dealer in his testimony, in every detail of it. Actually none of this half-dozen had been in the store when he had looked over the things. He was still more, much more horrified when his attorney arose to open the case for the defence and announced blandly that he and his client admitted everything. The American had honored the shop by a visit, he had ordered the articles enumerated. Everything the complainant and his witnesses said was true, all true. At this point the American concluded that he was the victim of a double frame-up and had been properly done in. But things took an unexpected turn. His attorney continued. It was all true, everything was true, except in one particular. The American had paid for the articles. The antique dealer and his witnesses had failed to go into this detail. The resourceful Mexican attorney thereupon called eight witnesses of his own. They remembered the transaction well. Everything had happened as stated, but the defendant had paid for the articles. They

were very clear on that. They even remembered the denominations of the bills he had passed over.

The court decided in favor of the visitor. The latter's attorney thereupon bundled up the antiques and, when he parted from his client before the hall of justice, walked off with them. The client left the country at once.

Relaxing After Reparation

INFORMATION as to what the great do when relaxing is so rare that even a tardy bit like this isn't to be let go. Last June, when Mr. J. P. Morgan came home from France on the Mauretania, he sat aft on a bench near where the first class ends and the second class begins, encircled by cooking fumes from the galley. He did this for the better part of four afternoons, absorbed in "Loose Ladies," by Viña Delmar.

Chinese Movies

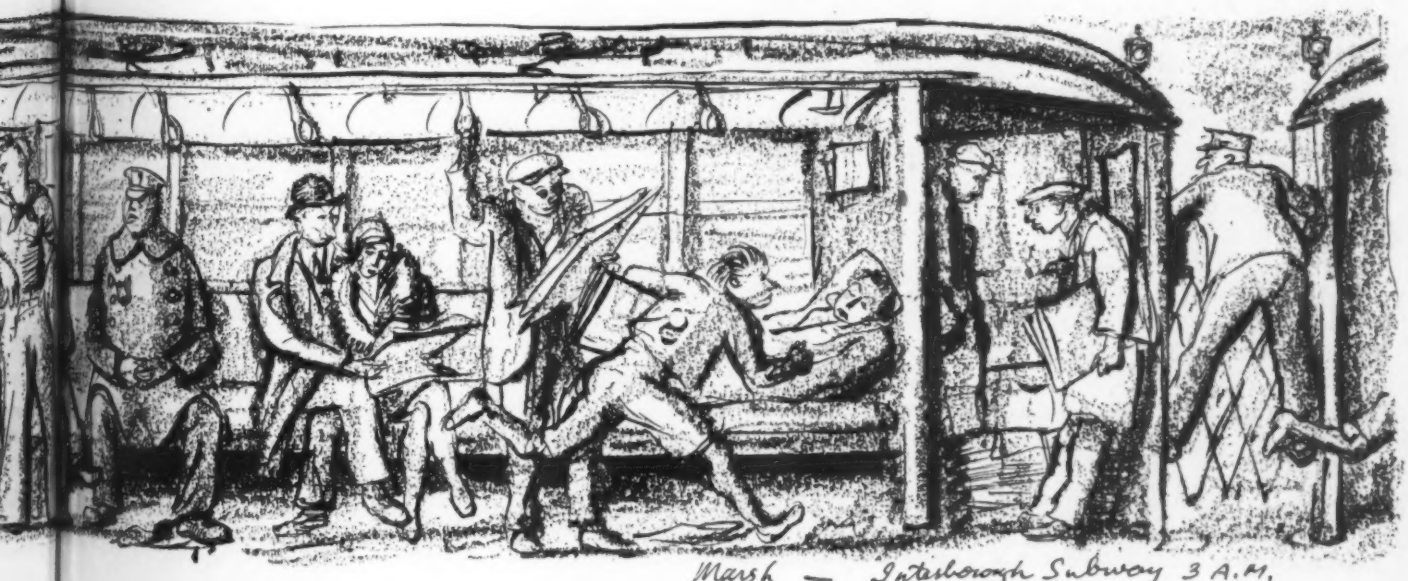
CHINESE movies are now shown at the New Chatham Theatre in the Bowery. They have been for some time, but we didn't know it until just now. Ordinarily they are shown only on two days a month, but they are being run on two days a week now —Sundays and Mondays—because it's the height of the Chinatown season, with lots of people around from out of town. Of a Monday we found the theatre crowded with Chinese, all looking prosperous and well dressed and seeming not to mind having to pay three times the admission charged on the days of the month when ordinary Occidental pictures are exhibited. The high price is necessary because of the duty on imported films.

The picture shown was produced by the Great Wall Film Company of Shanghai. This was the American première. Sub-titles were in Chinese and English, the introductory one being: "Man always desert the girl whose heart is burning aflame with love. And she always have to pay." In demonstrating this truth the film proceeded through six reels of conspiracies, plotting, gang fights, and terrible Oriental knifings and goings-on. Wicked monks were revealed in machinations to accomplish the downfall of the tender heroine. Fights were breathless and bloody. Ladies of untempered ardor moved determinedly about, luring trusting young Chinese gentlemen to scented ruin. Only the hero succeeded in resisting them. One vampire, who at last forced her way into the privacy of his bachelor diggings, finally, in desperation, demanded, "What keeps you so hurry?" He retreated fearfully before her. "Pray be conventional," he pleaded. This stopped her. The American censors were shocked by a lot of things in the picture and ordered them out. Nearly all the love scenes were eliminated. Too hot. The Chinese are working on sound films but none has arrived here yet.

Class

ONE of those ladies who are aggressively meeting more and more of the right people had a pretty important group in for bridge the other afternoon, and was making a great show of it. In the midst of things her bootlegger arrived at the house. The butler came in and whispered the announcement over her shoulder. She nodded and called to her husband in a neatly modulated tone. "You had better go to the door, dear," she said. "It's the vintner."

—THE NEW YORKERS



THE IRE TROUBLE OF CHANG

GENERAL CHANG, deposed war lord of Northern Manchuria, has been arrested, charged with the murder of a young Manchu prince. It is believed that Chang, whose ire is easily aroused, became incensed at a friendship between one of his innumerable wives and the young prince. Chang resented anyone taking liberties with any of his wives.—*Gist of a United Press news dispatch.*

THE scene is Chang's house. Thong is his secretary.

(*Chang enters.*)

CHANG—Morning, Thong. Anybody take any liberties with any of my wives yesterday?

THONG—Yes, O Most Illustrious Son of Heaven.

CHANG—Oh, shoot. Some times I half wish that one day—just one teeny weeny day—could go by without some snake in the grass taking liberties with my wives, but I suppose it's too much to expect in this day and age. How many took liberties?

THONG—There were thirty-two.

CHANG—Thirty-two? Thirty-two? Isn't that pretty high for the fall of the year? How many wives have I got now?

THONG—The morning report shows seven hundred and fifty-four, O Shower-Up of Solomon.

CHANG—What do you mean, seven hundred and fifty-four? I thought I had over eight hundred two weeks ago. Somebody's been getting into the harem. Well, you may be right. My memory isn't as good as it used to be, somehow. I seem to be tired most of the time. It's no cinch trying to keep seven hundred and fifty-three wives in good humor.

THONG—Seven fifty-four, O Brighamest of Youngs.

CHANG—Oh well, one more or less. Sometimes I half wish I'd stayed single. Are you married, Thong?

THONG—Practically not, O Heaven's Gift to Womankind. I have but twelve wretched wives.

CHANG—Ah, you lucky bachelor. Well, let's get down to business. What were the liberties?

THONG—Of the total of thirty-two, thirty-one were winks. While the seven hundred and fifty-four wives of the De Wolf Hopper of Manchuria were taking their evening hike, thirty-one of them were winked at by thirty-one rash but handsome young miscreants.

CHANG—There seems to be quite an epidemic of winking this year. Every year it's something. Last year they used to serenade my wives on those damned Chinese ukuleles. Year before last they tried to smuggle mash notes into the harem. This year it's winking. Did any of the girls wink back?

THONG—I shudder to inform the Most Connubial of Mongolians that practically all of them did.

CHANG—I see. Well, I'm not going to waste my ire on a lot of winkers. I've got to begin to draw the line somewhere, Thong. I'm telling you this confidentially, but the old ire isn't what it used to be. Don't lose my temper as easily these days when somebody takes a liberty with a wife of my bosom. It has to be a pretty good liberty these days to get Chang's goat.

THONG—Your Honor does well to philosophize. The ways of woman are unfathomable. It is my humble and totally valueless opinion that four out of five women long secretly to have liberties taken with them before they are forty.

CHANG—Well said. Now what was that thirty-second liberty?

THONG—O Magnificence, it was more serious. Walking in the garden near the south pagoda where we store the winter onions I heard a smacking sound and, investigating, found that pearl of the Orient, the Fairest of the Fair, No. 435, being kissed ardently by a youth who had gained access to the garden I know not how. Both seemed to be having the time of times.

CHANG—There now, this is something to really arouse my ire. Winking is nothing compared with this. Where is the scoundrel?

THONG—All thirty-two of the wretches await outside, bound hand and foot.

CHANG—Let the winkers go. Fetch in the kisser.

(*The kisser is fetched.*)

CHANG—So you were caught kissing Mrs. Chang, eh?

KISSER—I paid that compliment to your taste, sir.

CHANG—Your face is familiar. Haven't I seen you some place before?

KISSER—You have, Venerable Sire.

CHANG—Never mind that "venerable" stuff. Where did you and I meet?

KISSER—Can't you guess?

CHANG—It was at a Condé Nast ball, wasn't it?

KISSER—No, you're not even warm.

CHANG—Was it at one of Otto Kahn's weekends?

KISSER—No, no, no, and it wasn't at one of Mrs. Hearst's parties.

CHANG—Then I give up.

KISSER—Don't you really remember me? I'm the fellow who took liberties with another one of your wives—I think it was No. 237—last March.

CHANG—Why didn't you say so in the first place? How do you expect me to keep track of all you fellows?

KISSER—How is Mrs. Chang, by the way? I mean No. 237.

CHANG—How is No. 237, Thong?

THONG—She was shot for non-payment of taxes last month, O Scourge of Monogamy.

KISSER—What a pity. She was a nice girl.

CHANG—By the way, what was the liberty you took with her?

KISSER—Don't you remember? I pressed her foot with my foot at the honorable movies.

CHANG—Oh, was that it? I seemed to have an idea I caught you and her dancing cheek to cheek. Well, young man, I suppose you know what this means. You know how my ire is aroused when anyone takes liberties with my wives. And you're a second offender. By the way, didn't I shoot you on the first offence?

KISSER—It was fortunately but a flesh wound.

CHANG—Well, it won't be one this time. My ire is aroused. I'm dreadfully angry with you.

KISSER—Oh, Sir.

(*Chang suddenly looks worried. He beckons to Thong.*)

CHANG (*whispering to Thong*)—It's the ire. It won't work. What'll I do? Quick. Do something to make me angry. Rouse my ire.

(*Thong whispers a bitter taunt to Chang.*)

CHANG—That's enough. I'm furious. Now, young man, my ire is aroused and you shall pay, you betrayer of the sanctity— (*Chang stops.*)

THONG (*alarmed*)—What is it, O Husbandest of Husbands?

CHANG (*sinking back exhausted*)—It's no use, Thong. I can't get angry about this. The old ire is on the fritz. I've seen it coming for some time. I've tried to fool myself, but it's no use. Don't call me Husbandest of Husbands any more, Thong. The truth is, I don't give a darn who takes liberties with my wives. I'm tired of them. I'm tired of ire. I want a rest. I've earned it. I want to get away from it all. I want leisure for the things I have always wanted to do; to be alone with my books and music, and my memories. (*Suddenly, to the kisser.*) Young man, how would you like seven hundred and fifty-two wives?

THONG—Seven fifty-four, O—

CHANG—Never mind. Well, young man, your answer!

KISSER (*overwhelmed with joy*)—Oh sir, I should *love* them. I have *always* wanted seven hundred and fifty-four wives.

CHANG (*gleefully*)—They're yours. My lawyer will draw up the deed this very day, for a dollar from the party of the second part, that's you, to the party of the first part, that's me (don't you love those ducky old phrases these lawyer fellows think up?), and everything will be jake. I feel ten years younger. Thong. Listen. Telephone right away to the Allerton House for Men and reserve accommodations for me for life. From now on we do what we like with our ire. And never call me Brighamest of Youngs any more. Call me (*this with a sly glance at the kisser*) David Harum.

(*Exeunt Chang and Thong, happily. The kisser looks after their retreating forms and then starts to rub his chin.*)

KISSER—I wonder. I wonder. —FRANK SULLIVAN

"Now this apartment won't be vacant until November first."

•

RHYME AFTER VACATION

I have seen hills ready to plunge
Into their own blue shadows:
And a waterfall like a feather:
And Indian paint-brush meadows:
And sea gulls out of the fog,
A white cloud from a cloud:
Let me not quite forget them,
Here in the city crowd!
How many of these people,
If I could only see,
Hold hostages of summer,
Whether the apple tree
Beside a farmhouse doorway,
Or garden-sun and rain,
Or roads or salmon-rivers,
Or castles not in Spain?
And one I know who lingered
In town the summer long,
Has made a song of islands
With sails above the song.

—GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

So You're Going

I

Very likely your maid will say to you some day – "We've got to have a new mop, ma'am."

2.

Anxious to gratify her every wish you rush over to a store and ask for a mop. "What kind of a mop?" asks the clerk.

5.

With great care you finally choose a nice mauve colored mop, and they promise to send one right over.

6.

Four days later and the mop has not been delivered, so you call up and report the annoyance

9.

Again as you are hurrying to the theatre, "Madame, this is the chief of the truck drivers calling— we are diligently tracing your mop—"

10.

Several weeks later come a word of cheer – "We are pleased to inform you that we have traced your order for the 'Jumbo Fifty' Mop ---

to Buy a Mop!

3.

Of course you don't know. "Why, a mop — just a mop."

4.

"But Madame, do you want a 'Daisy Dustless' or a 'Jumbo Jiffy' or a 'Mother's Helper' or —" and she goes on and on.

7.

After a few days a letter. "Dear Madame,— We find your merchandise has not been delivered. Will you please advise us as to the character of the merchandise - - - "

8.

You advise them, and several days later receive a call. "Madame this is the follow-up Department. We hope to deliver your mop in the near future - - - "

11.

— but regret to say we are all out of them. We expect a new shipment in three weeks, if you don't mind waiting - - "

12.

Well, go to the corner hardware store and buy a mop and carry it home!

"Tell me, did you see any nice sunsets while you were away?"

• •

THE BENEFITS OF TRAVEL

MY first experience with the broadening effects of travel was in September, 1915, when I went to Bermuda for ten days. The credit item was missing ten abnormally hot days in Philadelphia.

It was a small beginning, but it showed the way to greater things. In 1916 I went abroad and stayed about eighteen months. I ran into a few dozen air-raids in London and Paris, but I escaped the enthusiasm of my country when it entered the war; I escaped all the patriotic gentlemen who urged Mr. Wilson on, and all the sneers about the world made safe for democracy. I remained totally unaware of the Republican senators who made things easy for Mr. Wilson and of all the sock-knitters and of all the early Liberty Loan drives. I escaped all but one of the numbers in musical shows in which chorus girls dressed like soldiers, and heard only one speech on the atrocities of the Hun, and never encountered the rumor that Wilson had sold out to the Allies. I never had to tip off a Secret Service agent to the activities of a spy and was never assaulted for not buying War Savings Stamps, and returned to America so late that no one seeing me in khaki assured me that I was going to make the supreme sacrifice. On the other hand, I did not miss "Shoulder Arms"—the movies being universal. All I missed was the flight of the thirty-six thousand airplanes which were to bomb Berlin—if they had been manufactured.

HAD I stayed away a little longer, I might have missed the pretty postwar scandals, but my travelling was over for a time and my life began to lack interest. It was only after 1923 that a series of spasmodic voyages showed me how much I owed to travel.

I missed the emotion of my countrymen when Calvin Coolidge took the oath by kerosene light and, one understood, pledged himself to follow out the policies of his predecessor. I missed the equally great emotion of my countrymen when the Prince of Wales visited them, and missed, with equanimity, both the funny and the unfunny stories his visit occasioned. I missed the presidential election during which Mr. Edison presented an oaken bucket to Candidate President Coolidge and signed his name inside the bucket. I missed the first six months of the Banana song. I missed all of Douglas Fairbanks' elaborate movies and four out of five musical shows based on the lives of composers, and the first excitement about mechanical refrigeration. I failed to participate in the rather peevish feelings of my countrymen when they discovered that peevish Frenchmen were throwing stones at tourists.

I missed the worst years of Prohibition—when speakeasies were few and poisonous liquor flowed freely, or was at least mentioned with some frequency in the papers. I missed no less than three efforts of the stage to Reform Itself From Within. I missed the serene happiness of knowing that Will Hays was going to save the movie industry. I did not escape the great witchcraft hunt against the Reds; but during much of Postmaster-General Burleson's tenure of office, someone else was responsible for my mail. I was four thousand miles away when Rudolph Valentino lay in state. I escaped all but one of John Barrymore's films. For me Pola Negri began and ended with her imported pictures, as I missed all of her progress in America. I must have missed about half of Mayor Hylan's total years in office. I missed a lot of jury duty.

WITH age, of course, this tendency to go skipping about becomes less marked. Yet it seems to me that never, until recently, was I aware of the truly educational, the truly inspiring effects

of travel. I missed the Rothstein case and the way Mr. Whalen solved it by installing a new traffic system. I missed most of the talkies in their hiss-and-sputter stage. I passed by the worst theatrical season in history. I missed the defeat of Al Smith. I lived without seeing any picture by Clara Bow. I didn't hear of the eighteen-day diet until too late. I missed most of the flagpole-sitters. But my veritable triumph is not in any of these. It is that honestly and literally I have never heard "I Faw Down and Go Boom!" I don't even know what it means.

—GILBERT SELDES

•

Jim Kames drank some roach poison by mistake Tuesday night, thinking it was hootch. He is much bitter.—*Barnesville (O.) Whetstone.*

We'd be almost entirely bitter.

THE NEW PLAY

WELL, take it fem me, this time I gotta piece that's absolutely surefire. Doan get me wrong. I think "A Gentleman of Crotona" is a knockout of a play and if somebody came up to me and said to me, "Elias, would you produce that play again if you had it?," I'd say to this here feller, "Yes, if I had 'A Gentleman of Crotona' to produce all over again I'd produce it"—that's what I'd say. I simply got a bad break—thass all. And another thing—it went over the heads of them critics.

Yeah, it went right over their heads like a balloon. They think they are so wise, they ain't really so wise as they think they are. Now you take that play, "A Gentleman of Crotona," for instance. Now none of them babies got the idear at all. You'd think them critics, y'know, they know all about Shakespeare and the classics, you'd think they'd get it quick that the title was a takeoff on the Shakespeare play. Y'know the play, somethin' about a gentleman from Veroner or somethin'. But not one of them had sense enough to get the double twist, so you see how smart them wise guys are and how some highbrow stuff like a title goes over the heads of even them highbrows theirselves.

Y'know, I really got a tough break with that play. I made the mistake bringin' it in the week after the Theayter Guild brought their play in. Y'see, my play was a highbrow play built for the same audience like theirs, and what chance did I have? They got Lynne Fountanne and Alfred Lunt in the leads and there ain't two better actors in the country. Natcherly my play had to suffer because of that. When them critics sees my cast—which was a fine cast in its way, mind you—why in comparison with the Guild they panned me. It was a tough break. But then y'see, I din' know they was gonna open a week ahead of us or else I woulda laid off for a while.

BUT this new play I got, well, it's gonna open up their eyes. It's got a knockout of a story—and at the same time it's for the highbrows, too. It's all about a lawyer who's fulla dreams—a dreamer, y'see. Well, he's got ideals and when he's a judge—y'see in the first act he's a lawyer and in the second act—about five years later—or maybe it's three—well, anyway some years later he's a judge and the girl who's been picked up on the street for street-walkin' is the same girl who turned him down in the first act when he was beggin' her to marry him. What a scene there is when the judge reckonizes the girl and she reckonizes the judge without lettin' on! "I seen you before some place," the judge says to this girl. "You never seen me in your whole life," says the girl when she knows all along way down deep in her heart that in the first act he's the same feller she turned down. Y'see, even though she's a street-walker she's still got pride and the way that author wrote that scene—well, if a lump don't come to your throat you simply ain't got a heart, that's what.

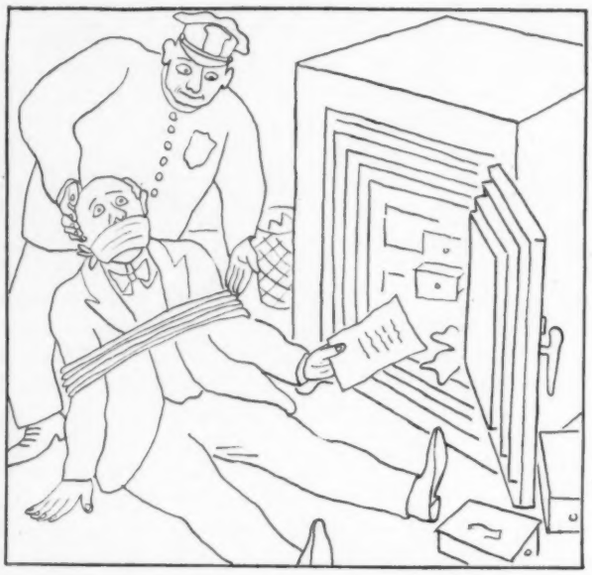
And in the last act—oh,

"Aren't you going to give me just one teeny, weeny, little kiss?"

boy, that last act! This judge is married to a society dame—a ritzy debutantey, because when he was turned down in the first act she kinder took an interest in him. Well, she's been makin' it so hot for him that he can't stand it no longer so he tells her to her face straight up and down in the last act that he's gonna break with her—divorce, y'see. Not oney that, he tells her, but he's gonna marry the street-walker because he is in love with her and anyhow if he hadda insisted that day she woulda married him and she would'na been a street-walker so that he's partially to blame for her condition. Boy, does that make this society dame hot! She opens up on him in one of the sweetest-written scenes you ever laid your eyes on. "You gonna marry that tramp and turn me down? You, a judge, are gonna marry a street girl? You'll be the laughin' stock of the other judges," she tells him. "Society will turn their backs on you, that's what!" she shrieks at him. And then the judge turns around at her. "What are you? Are you any better than this poor girl? You are worst, in fact," he tells her. "Marriage has made you a legal street-walker. And you do somethin' worst than she does because you take payment for somethin' you don't give nothin' in return for," he tells her. "That poor girl is a hunard times better 'n you," he says, workin' up to the last scene—well, that scene knocks you off your feet, the way that author has it written down.

LOVE-WILL-FIND-A-WAY NEWS

Our Newspapers Reveal That Romeos and Juliets Abound in This Machine Age



ROBS TO MARRY. J. R. Weffer (above, seated) of J. R. Weffer, Inc., was robbed of $576.76 by romantic bandit who left a note reading, "Without this money I could not get married." The note was not signed.

MARRIES FATHER WHEN SON'S TOO POOR. When Jacob Flard, 21, failed to show a bank account, Mary Bloofidge, 19, wedded his father, Herman Flard, 59, widower. Left to right: Herman, 59; Mary, 19; Jake, "just hanging around."

FATHER INTERRUPTS ROMANCE; DAUGHTER SHOOTS. Papa Snekiter (above, standing, sitting) tried to stop Daughter Snekiter from eloping. She plugged her old man in the leg. Officers Reilly, Kelly, Murphy, Levy, and Ambulance Surgeon Bricoli in background.

NEWLYWED DISCOVERS WIFE'S "SISTERS" are really daughters by previous marriage. Above, Mrs. Joe Karakos and "sisters." Also Officer Ben Harrison of the West Twentieth Street Station (not a member of the family).

• •

The oney thing that worries me is the cast. Y'know, the talkies—say, somebody ought to do somethin' to those talkie pictures. They grab all the good actors and you can't get the people you want. That lawyer, y'know, he's the lead and I need a good actor for that part. A dreamer

is the kind I want. I'd like to get Glenn Andrews, oney it would be better to get a guy with long hair—y'know, the dreamer type. But all them guys is signed up either by the talkies or by the Guild. That's another tough break fem me.

Say, if this play is cast the way I want it, them critics will certain'y have to take their hats off to me. And b'lieve me, I ain't afraid of no Guild's openin' that week, because my play is just as highbrow as anythin' they put over. That's the beauty of havin' the leadin' man a lawyer who really is the dreamer type. Y'know, a Glenn Andrews, oney with long hair.

—Arthur Kober

• •

OF ALL THINGS

THIS cautious department does not assert that there are thirty-two thousand speakeasies in New York. We would turn pretty red if the President should say, "Name them."

•

The question has arisen as to how Washington statesmen spend their evenings. All we know is that no Congressman has ever been seen in the Congressional Library.

•

All candidates for all offices promise to solve the Rothstein case. The matter is safe in the hands of the politicians and we may look for a solution almost any decade now.

•

Judge Hughes, as we understand it, is heart and soul with La Guardia in the coming struggle and will do his full duty as a Republican, and gosh how he dreads it!

•

Eighth Avenue has been cleared of obstructions and reopened to traffic. Pedestrians can now get run over with some degree of comfort.

•

The *Times* refers to the fusion candidate as "the outspoken La Guardia." But it doesn't say by whom.

•

Ramsay MacDonald's visit may promote better understanding between the two nations but the English will never cease to believe that we call ourselves "Ammuricans" and begin all sentences with "Waal."

•

The changes in the football rules do not worry us, for we are already seven seasons behind and losing steadily. We always say that football, like New York, will be swell when finished.

•

Though effete and eastern, our rôle for the World Series is strict neutrality. The Athletics will play the better ball but the Cubs will probe the better ticket scandal.

•

A German engineer proposes to dam the Strait of Gibraltar and the Dardanelles and dry up the Mediterranean. If he gets that done a good job awaits him in the prohibition bureau.

•

Optimistic as ever about education, we observe that presidential addresses at the opening of college were little, if any, worse than those delivered last commencement season.

—Howard Brubaker

"Shall I tell you a story, son?"
"Now Horace, please!"

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

I'M SORRY I'M NOT LIKE THE HERO

I

In a moving-picture palace
Sat a maid and youth one night,
Who were keeping steady company
And to both the world seemed bright;
But with the picture finished
The girl was heard to sigh,
And when her escort asked her
The reason, she did reply,
"Oh, Clem, you're not romantic
Like the hero on the screen,
If, as he does, you could thrill me
I'd be happy as a queen."
The lad heard her in silence,
Then gently pressed her hand
And as goodnight he bade her,
Said, "I think I understand.

REFRAIN

"I'm sorry I'm not like the hero,
I know I'm not much of a sheik,
But I try hard to make you happy
Though I *don't* make a thousand a week.
Perhaps I'd better release you,
For your freedom would then mean a chance
To find your ideal, like the one in the reel,
Who could give you both wealth and romance."

•

II

Not long after they had parted,
At a Charity Bazaar
She met a movie actor,
Who claimed he was a star.
Attracted for the moment
But with motives only bad,
He fooled her into thinking
That he cared for her—the cad.
But soon came the awakening,
And she learned his nature base.
Then she meekly sought her first love,
Who forgave her fall from grace.
She sobbed, "I don't deserve it.
Ah, how strange I couldn't be
Content that night with *your* love
When you gently said to me:

REFRAIN

"'I'm sorry I'm not like the hero,
I know I'm not much of a sheik,
But I try hard to make you happy
Though I *don't* make a thousand a week.
Perhaps I'd better release you,
For your freedom would then mean a chance
To find your ideal, like the one in the reel,
Who could give you both wealth and romance.'"

—C. KNAPP

•

"Oh, I dote on Spaniards!"

PROFILES

MAN IN A BLUE SUIT

Bill Klem

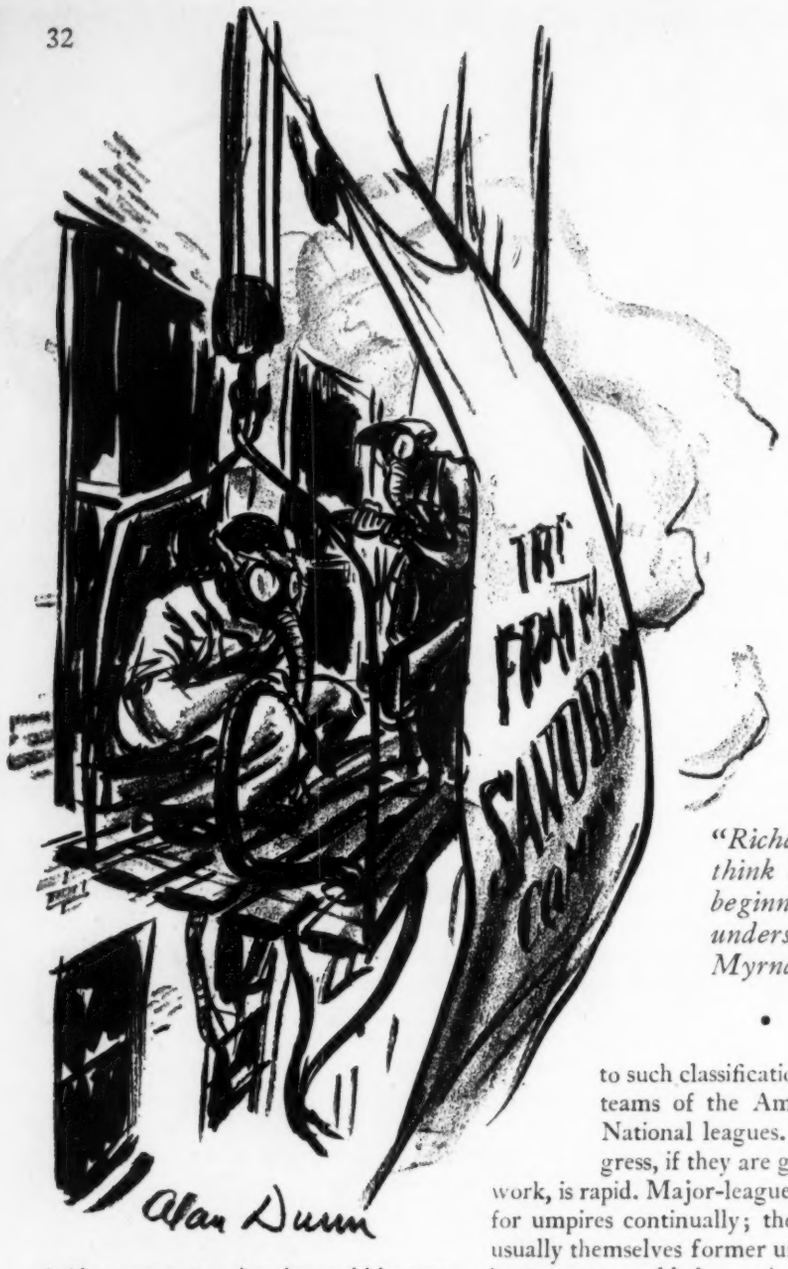
THERE are professions to which people who have the faculty of not taking themselves seriously rarely belong. An undertaker with a sense of humor, for instance, would fail, perhaps disagreeably, to achieve the manner proper to his calling. Some baseball umpires have been genial fellows, but they were constrained to repress during working hours their tendency to relieve tense situations with a *bon mot* or a tolerant shrug. Bill Klem, probably the best known of contemporary umpires, is forced to make no such adjustment. Considering his work as an art, he brings to it a violent pride that eliminates the possibility of self-deprecation. Like a fighter who has never been knocked off his feet in the ring, he bases his estimate of himself on a single claim. This claim is not hidden away in his mind, and it isn't one that he emphasizes, either; to him it isn't a claim at all, but a conviction that has become as natural a part of his daily life as the sight of his face in the mirror when he is shaving. If he speaks of it at all, he does so with an arrogance far more startling than any that could be expressed by pounding the table—mentions it in passing as you might mention any fact indisputably proved and familiar to everybody. He thinks he has never made a mistake umpiring a ballgame.

BILL KLEM is the oldest active umpire in the major leagues. He is fifty-four. The weather has obliterated youth from his face just as it has kept away the indications of age; the thin, short hair on his bullet-like head is an indeterminate color, not gray, not brown; his skin is a bright, seasoned red, and around his eyes are set permanently the lines you get for a little while if you watch something in a glare of sunlight. His nose is short and his lower lip juts out like a wind-instrument player's. He has umpired twenty-two years of professional ball, and twelve World Series. In mechanical accuracy his decisions are as good as anybody's, perhaps as good as he claims, but his importance in baseball is based on more than his ability to make decisions.

A long time ago something happened that made Klem think he could handle any situation that came up. He was working in the Western Association, in a game between two bush-league towns that had carried on a long rivalry. His friends told him to look out for the captain of one of the teams, a centre fielder locally famous as a fighter. It was said that this fielder played ball for the pleasure of arguing. He had beaten up several umpires. In those days the leagues had not yet adopted the present system of having one man behind the plate and another, or perhaps two more, on bases. If there was a runner on base, the single umpire stood behind the pitcher—otherwise, behind the catcher. Almost everything the umpire did was sure to be disputed; it wasn't unusual for a fellow to come in from the outfield to argue. Klem had just turned away after calling one of the visitors safe in a close play at second when he heard the crowd roar, and understood without looking that the centre fielder had thrown away his glove and was running in to argue the decision.

Klem could not say afterward why he behaved the way he did. He walked to a place halfway between the pitcher's box and the plate and dug his spiked heel into the dirt and drew a line there at right angles to the path from the plate to the pitcher's box. The crowd yelled when it saw what he meant, then kept quiet with interest. At the plate the umpire turned around for the first time. The big fielder had got to the line. For some reason he did not cross it. What would happen if he crossed the line was not defined—such gestures as the one Klem had made are formidable partly, and perhaps solely, because their meaning is vague. Klem drew a line with his heel once more, years later, in a World Series between Detroit and Chicago when players from the Chicago dugout crowded around him wrangling about the way he called the pitching. He threatened to put anyone who crossed it out of the game. Klem's line has since been made official and marked in lime in front of each dugout of a regulation field; only one player at a time from each team can cross it to argue.

LIKE all umpires, Klem got into his profession by accident. He grew up in Rochester, the only boy in a prosperous family of German descent. His father ran a cooperage. He has five sisters, who have married citizens of Rochester and still live there; and five brothers, some of whom migrated. He played on local school and semi-professional teams and managed an amateur team of his own, but took little interest in learning a proper trade. He was timekeeper for a bridge company in Berwick, Pennsylvania, when he umpired his first game. The Berwick team had given him a percentage of the gate and a box of cigars to play first base for them on Saturday. They offered him the same pay to play again on Sunday, but he said he felt too stiff—he'd rather umpire. The manager of the town hotel told him after the game that he'd never seen a sweeter job of umpiring in his life, and Klem, who is not in the habit of regarding tributes to himself with skepticism, offered the manager one of the cigars he had earned the day before. They were probably silent for a moment, contemplating their smokes and spitting over the railing of the hotel porch. The manager warmed to his subject. He'd been to Philadelphia to see the big-league games and not one of the umpires they had up there had done a sweeter job, nor the whole bunch of them together. For a fellow like Klem to be timekeeper in a two-for-a-nickel



"Richard, I think I'm beginning to understand Myrna's love."

• •

bridge company when he could be earning good pay as a big-league umpire was ridiculous, the hotelkeeper seemed to think. Klem agreed with him. Thousands of such conversations have taken place on the piazzas of such hotels as the Berwick House, but the odd thing about this one was that its echoes persisted. The following week, on company time, Klem studied the baseball manual, and the next Saturday told the foreman of the bridge company that he was quitting. On the following Monday he went to Philadelphia to be a big-league umpire.

Like players, most umpires begin work with a Class D team, the lowest grade of recognized professional baseball organizations, and work up through Class C, B, A, and AA teams, from shoddy country circuits to town leagues of increasing importance, until they reach a class of teams that are not indicated by a letter because they are superior to such classification—the big teams of the American and National leagues. Their progress, if they are good at their work, is rapid. Major-league clubs scout for umpires continually; the scouts are usually themselves former umpires who have got too old for active work on the diamond. Klem planned to skip his apprenticeship. Silk O'Laughlin, the foremost umpire in the American League, had gone to school with him in Rochester. In Philadelphia he watched O'Laughlin work and talked things over with him after the game. The next day he went to Bridgeport to see a former manager of the Rochester Club, who was running the team there, and the same week he umpired a game in Waterbury. Through that summer he worked in the Connecticut League, and the next year, 1903, in the New York State League. He got offers from both major leagues, joined the National at the end of the season, and before going with the eastern clubs was farmed out for a year in the Western Association.

IN those days umpires who never suffered actual injury were often made sick by nervous strain. It isn't unusual even now for an umpire to go to pieces during his first seasons with a major league. Some of them lose their hair or turn gray in a year or two; others get indigestion, or contract a twitch or a skin disease. Klem suffered badly from eczema. He used to wear gray silk gloves to cover up his bandages. The players thought he was wearing them for fashion and called him a dude. He enjoyed that. He thought it was a bad idea to let them find out anything about him or know when he was sore, although many of his colleagues at the time were in the habit of backing up their opinions with punches. An umpire named Tim Herst—one of Klem's best friends—was famous for liking a fight; if a player questioned what he said, he would step under the stands with him right then, or go up to his hotel room after the game and throw him under the bed and start choking him. Herst lost his job for his informal method of correcting Eddie Collins' manners. Collins was arguing with him when Herst suddenly bellowed, "Git out of me way or I'll spit in your eye." When Collins began to talk again, he let him have it. Recognizing his own breach of decorum, he did not fill out the report that the umpire is required to submit to the league secretary after every game. He couldn't bear to hand in a report admitting he was wrong.

Many of the other umpires Klem worked with were colorful or eccentric fellows. Jim Johnson, who patented the present official baseball mask, heard that league officials were having him shadowed to find out how much he drank. He stopped drinking, but the feeling that he was the subject of investigations never left him. One day, years after the rumored shadowing, he and Klem were in the smoker of a Pullman on their way west when a drummer with an elk's tooth on his watch chain got on the train and started talking to the two umpires in the immemorial manner of drummers. Klem laughed at his stories, but Johnson wouldn't say a word; he was nervous, and kept making covert motions toward the door. When Klem finally stepped into the aisle with him, the other umpire was trembling.

"For God's sake don't talk to that guy in there."

"Why not?"

"Maybe you're so dumb you can't see," Johnson whispered furiously.

"But anyway, I'm telling you—he's a detective."

ONE of the changes in umpiring that have come about in the twenty-five years since Klem joined the National League is the present system of emphasizing decisions. An umpire never used to let the crowd hear what he said. You had to tell from the action of the players whether he had called a runner safe or out, or a pitched ball good. Once in Chicago, where Klem was disliked, a player of the Chicago team hit a long ball along the right-field foul line in the eighth inning with a man on base. Klem called the ball foul, but the batter, paying no attention, rounded first and went on to second, and his teammate, who had been on first, ran home. If the run had been allowed, it would have tied the score, and when Klem insisted the ball was foul and sent the batter back to the plate and the scoring player back to base, the crowd came down on the field to get him. He escaped by running back to the dressing-room. He made up his mind that the crowd should have heard his decision at the time the hit was made. At present he makes himself clear on all occasions. When he is behind the catcher and a strike is pitched, his right arm moves up with an imperative motion and his roared word can be heard all over the field. No other umpire calls them as loud as Klem. On bases, where he has more room to move in, he is even more theatrical. To sight a hit close to the foul line, he runs to the line and jumps as he gets to it, coming down as the ball comes down. Calling a runner out, he points to the bench with an impetus that seems enough by itself to sweep the fellow in the direction indicated; if the man on base is safe after a close play, Klem leans forward, violently bringing both hands forward with their palms toward the ground and making them vibrate as though to indicate that they had taken that position at the dictation of some omniscient and infallible force of which he is merely the interpreter.

DURING the wintertime most umpires get civil jobs. One of them used to be a floorwalker in Franklin Simon's. Others are clerks, farmers, coaches of school basketball or football teams. Klem has never done anything while the clubs are resting. He says he is an umpire, and that's enough. He is married and lives in a modest house in Miami. His salary has risen by prescribed steps from the twenty-five hundred dollars of a young umpire in his first season to the twelve thousand dollars that are top wages in his profession. A few years ago some land he owned in Florida got to be worth a quarter of a million dollars on paper, and the rumor went around that Klem was going to sell out and retire. He held on too long and his paper profits grew less, and at last dwindled away altogether. He took his loss philosophically.

During the season he officiates at an average of six games a week. He plays golf in his spare time. One winter day somebody saw him on the beach at Miami, performing curious evolutions. He bent forward with his hands on his knees, then straightened up, jerking his arms. He swung round on his heel, pointing to various parts of the horizon while his lips moved silently but emphatically. He crouched forward with his palms toward the sand. He was shadow-umpiring.

Umpires are a solitary clan. They don't go on parties with players whose games they arbitrate, or eat with them, or train with them. When a club is on tour, they travel apart from the team—in another car and, when possible, in another train. Klem knows every ballplayer you can think of; none of them is his friend. Most of them admire his work, but don't know what he is like off the field. His only intimates are other umpires, a few officials like President Heydler of the National League, and the older generation of baseball writers. The managers of the hotels he uses travelling around the circuit have known him for years, and many of them make a point of having dinner with him whenever he is in their town. His mind apparently keeps a photographic record of every play he has seen, and as he talks, particularly if he is touching on his own exploits, he dramatizes everything, waving his arms; his voice gets high and hoarse and his red face redder.

"Don't get excited, Bill," his wife says, if she is around.

"By God," Klem answers with hoarse intensity. "Am I excited? I've never been calmer in my life."

Off the field he wears, at all times of the year, neat blue clothes not unlike an umpire's uniform, except that they lack the pocket for balls that runs across the short tails of the official suit. In action, he keeps five or six balls in this pocket, working them round behind him so they won't be against his side to bruise him if he is knocked down. His stocky figure seems bigger when he is umpiring; he is important then, dominating twin forces—the crowd whose suspense pushes down behind him, and the players moving in front of him in changing, concentrated patterns. He is sincere in his belief that he has never made a mistake on the field. His pride, the quality that makes him unusual, is rooted in that belief. If he ever suspected himself of being fallible he would begin to worry and brood about his decisions; if he ever called a ball wrong and recognized it afterward, I honestly believe he'd quit the game.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

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THE THEATRE

THE DAM HAS BURST!

DON'T get to George White's "Scandals" in time for the opening chorus unless you want to be plunged into a mood of sentimental reminiscence which may spoil the rest of the show for you. The opening chorus is a potpourri of song hits from "Scandals" of the past ten years (Great Heavens! Is it *ten years?*) and, as you hear "Somebody Loves Me," "The Birth of the Blues," "This Is My Lucky Day," and nod your old gray head to the familiar tempo of the "Charleston" and "Black Bottom," you realize that songwriters were titans in those days. Ah me! Me ah!

Of course, as I remember those song hits, when I first heard them at the "Scandals" openings I didn't think them so hot. Some day I hope a musician will explain to me why the best numbers ever written give only half their value when played at an opening night. You hear them later at a night club, or even on the old piano at home, and you realize that they are irresistible. Of course, familiarity breeds content, but there must be something about all the confusion and glitter of a stage production which draws your eyes away from an appreciation of the music. Or doesn't one listen with one's eyes? Maybe I have hit on something here.

"IT'S A WISE CHILD"

A scene, more or less, from the most successful of the season's illegitimate-baby comedies. In this group are George Walcott, with the gun; Sidney Toler, the dressy iceman; Miss Mildred McCoy, the young lady who starts a rumor about herself; and, at the extreme right, Harlan Briggs.

At any rate, hearing that opening chorus makes you discontented with the score which follows, just as in ten more years (God forbid!) when Mr. White has his chorus recall "Bigger and Better Than Ever" we shall all burst into tears for the good old days of 1929 when people wrote *real* music.

But, if you do take my advice and miss this first bit, don't by any means be late enough to miss Mr. White himself, who comes on, all too briefly, immediately after. He dances across the stage once, and everything is all right again. In these days when no tap-dancer is considered even passable unless he can get his head under one knee and stamp his foot through the floorboards, hearing the smooth, easy ripple of Mr. White's feet in a straight line of rhythm is like that first glass of cold water the morning after a Beaux Arts Ball.

Of the old Scandalmongers all that are left are the Howards, Frances Williams, and the Elm City Four, making seven in all. Probably no one can do more with less than can Willie Howard, and when he does have something, like the hungry-aviators sketch, he approaches Booth in emotional effectiveness. Miss Williams carries the burden of song-plugging with great ease and could do even more as far as I am concerned. But there is really only one number

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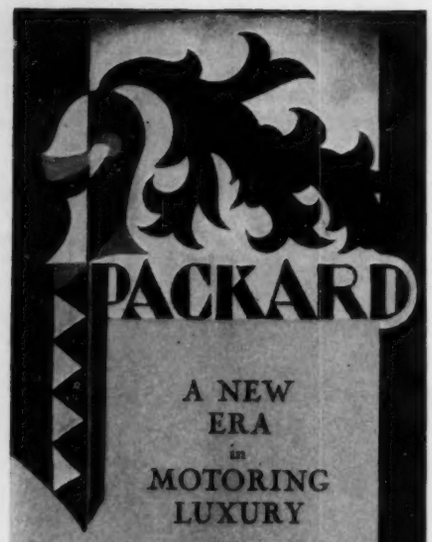
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which smacks of the old "Scandals" days (in which Miss Williams displays such comedy gifts as to be practically unrecognizable from the front) and, on consulting the program, I find that it was written by the old "Scandals" team of De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, now unhappily cooped up on the Fox lot in Hollywood. I refer to the Eighteen-Day Diet number.

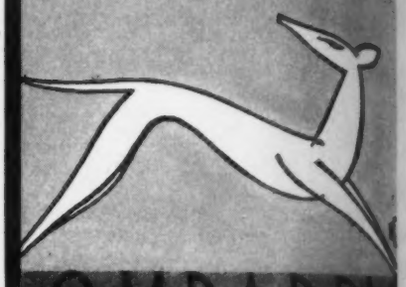
It is no good denying that the present "Scandals" misses that team, and misses Messrs. Patricola and Richman sorely. There must be a great many people who miss Miss Pennington, too. She always used to get a great deal of applause, albeit over my dead pan. But Mr. White has done the best he could under the circumstances, and Mr. White's best is always good enough for an evening's entertainment.

As is so often the case when a writer sets out to show that even the dullest and most average of lives has much that is romantic in it, Mr. Monckton Hoffe has taken a couple of far-from-average lives for his examples in "Many Waters." Mr. and Mrs. James Barcaldine may look like average people and may say, for purposes of the prologue, that theirs has been a humdrum married life, but as Mr. Hoffe takes us back for a retrospect, we discover that the marriage was inspired by a love-at-first-sight meeting under a tree in the rain (without benefit of an introduction), that they were married in a registry office with charwomen for witnesses, that their only daughter contracted a love for a married man who lived on the floor below, that she died at the birth of a child contracted from the same source, that Mr. Barcaldine was hailed into bankruptcy court over a financial transaction (the details of which I didn't understand and probably never *would* understand, as they involved the use of the word "debentures"), and that he was freed by a remarkable display of conscience on the part of the villain.

Now, if that could by any stretch of dramatic license be called the life of an average, humdrum English couple, then the English must get about a great deal more than they are given credit for. In this country, it would be considered quite a riot of experience. And I doubt very much that Mr. Barcaldine would have *said* that his had been a colorless, unromantic existence if such a remark hadn't been necessary for Mr. Hoffe to write a play around.

However, once we admit that the Barcaldines' life was *not* an average

THE



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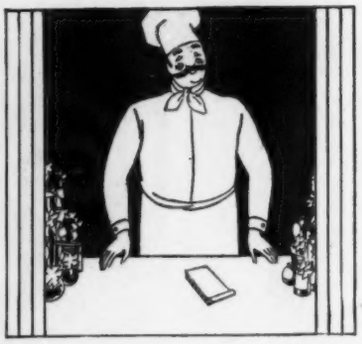

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one, "Many Waters" becomes an excellent play about two rather extraordinary people. It is a bit leisurely, perhaps, and one wonders how it has had its enormous success in England, for it is hardly a thing to knock anyone off his seat. But it has a certain haunting spell of nice sentimentality and several highly effective scenes, especially one played by Maisie Darrell and Robert Douglas, and the general effect from it is that of having had one's heart moved slightly to the right by several very sympathetic people.

One of the chief virtues of "Many Waters" is that it brings Mr. Ernest Truex back to us after what have seemed like many years of Londoning. Mr. Truex, with Marda Vanne as his wife, does more to make Mr. Barcaldine the kind of man he ought to be for the play's thesis than the author has done. Sometime he ought to play a *really* average man—and break our hearts.

THE rather obvious satire of "Sweet Land of Liberty" is expressed in the title, especially when you know that it is about prohibition and crooked politics. A patriotic society is placed at a banquet offstage to sing the national anthem at just the moments when it will conflict most ironically with the action of the play. Almost anybody can get the point.

It has, however, quite a lot of excitement on its own hook as a melodrama and, were it not for some terrific hoke in scenes involving the use of a stage-child, it would be a pretty darned good show. George Barbier, as the old shore-dinner man, and Robert Lynn, as the inevitable *Globe* reporter, do a great deal to help it give this impression. Mr. Barbier's performance was especially notable as, in his capacity as host in the back room of a saloon, he was seen to drink Scotch and gin alternately during the course of the first act.

IN one of the earlier scenes of "See Naples and Die" someone says to Mr. Roger Pryor: "Do stop scintillating, Mr. Carroll!" Someone should have said this to the author, Mr. Elmer Rice, accompanying the remark with perhaps an "I know, Elmer, what you are trying to do, and God knows that we need a little originality and cleverness in our theatre. But not *quite* so much, please, not *quite* so much." Mr. Rice has written enough wisecracks to supply fifteen plays the size

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of "See Naples and Die" and has strung them along, one chasing the other, until a sort of toxic-poisoning sets in and the whole thing eats its own fingers off.

"See Naples and Die" is, on the face of it, a highly superior comedy, with just the kind of lines that we have all been clamoring for. At least, many of them are. Others are maybe just five words too long, or three degrees too clever. But the effort and the ability should count for something. Something is hereby credited to Mr. Rice's account for his ability and effort.

There is one essential quality, however, which is lacking in all this sparkle. Translated into English, it is "moderation." Miss Claudette Colbert, a beautiful and talented young actress for certain rôles, is called upon to talk for three acts as people in the Middle West think Dorothy Parker talks, with never a moment out for a drink of water or a rub-down. Miss Colbert's lines sound as if someone had been called in at the last minute and told to "gag up" the show. "A laugh a minute" was evidently the motto, with the result that there are about one hundred very heavy minutes. With a mixture as rich as this, making any distance at all is out of the question.

The only character who seems really to be talking is Beatrice Herford. No higher compliment could be paid to her, and to Mr. Rice, than to say that her lines sound as if she had written them herself.

The setting showing the Bay of Naples, designed by Robert Edmond Jones, is as beautiful as you would expect from Mr. Jones' studio. But all my life, from the age of twelve, I have been seeing backdrops of the Bay of Naples on which the shadows of passing heads were clearly outlined in black. Is this a peculiarity of the Bay of Naples (which I have never seen, and hope never to see) or does somebody always forget that a body passing between a light and a curtain has a way of throwing a shadow, especially on the Bay of Naples? —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

Above the fog the sky was nearly cloudless and the sun glowed through the murky atmosphere—a ruddy disk of low luminosity. Early in the afternoon it faded to a faint pink, grew lopsided and was seen to wabble and palpitate through the heat waves from the chimneys. In mid-afternoon it wasted away to a feeble lavender ghost and vanished.—*The Times.*

Probably ashamed of itself.

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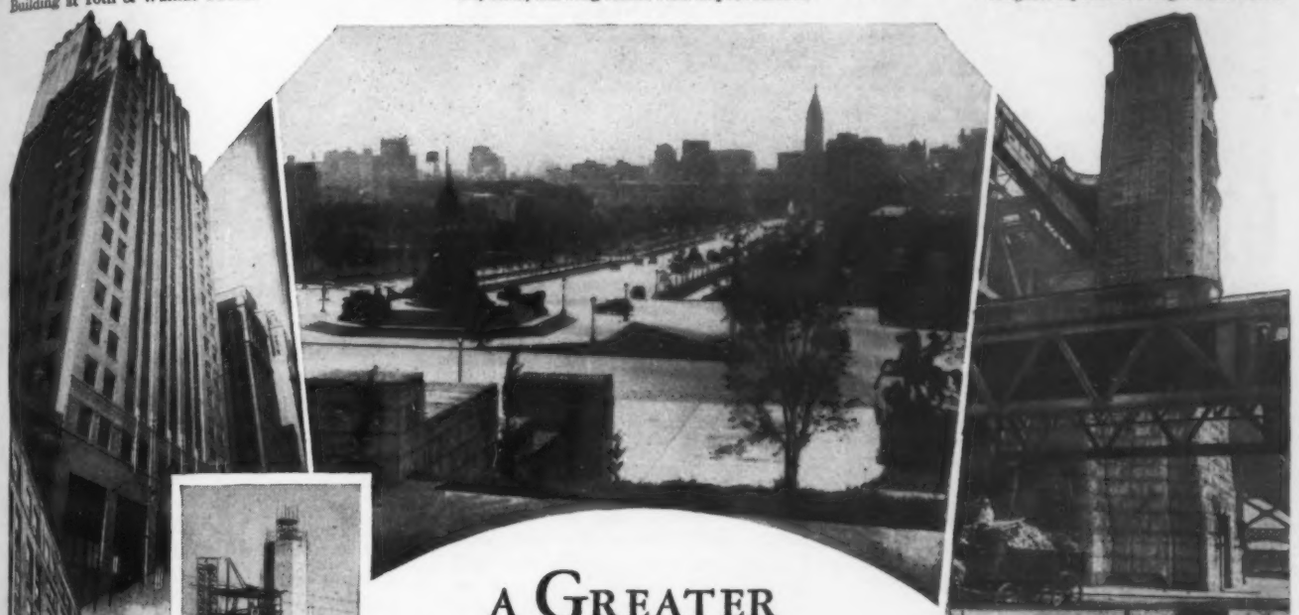

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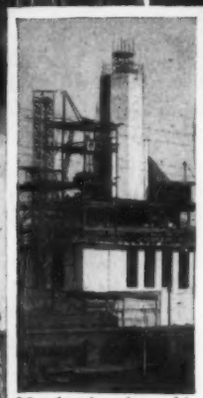

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

HAVING recently emitted here a gusty sigh of regret that we had nothing in this country comparable to the bookshelf of "Notable British Trials," it behooves me to note that the house of Knopf has now embarked on an "American Trials" series. But I must also report that its second volume fills me with forebodings, for its editor, being a legalistic rather than a journalistic chap, has just achieved the really notable feat of so winnowing the windy record of the once sensational Molineux case as to make of it a prodigiously dull book.

You might, to be sure, derive some little entertainment just from reading the indictment. It will be recalled by the senescent how in 1898 New York was agitated by the news that a silver bottle outfitted with bromoseltzer, and mailed as an anonymous Christmas gift to Harry Cornish, physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, had been found to contain a lethal dose of poison. The poison missed its mark for the discovery was made by a Mrs. Adams, Cornish's landlady, an innocent bystander who borrowed some of the remedy and died in agony. The ensuing communal excitement redoubled when the wabbly finger of suspicion pointed to an ex-member of the Knickerbocker Club named Molineux. Please recall these bare facts as you read the first count of the indictment, which ran thus:

> **The said Roland Burnham Molineux, late of the Borough of Manhattan of The City of New York, in the County of New York aforesaid, on the twenty-eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, at the borough and county aforesaid, contriving and intending, wilfully, feloniously and of his malice aforethought one Katherine J. Adams with poison to kill and murder in and upon her, the said Katherine J. Adams, in the peace of the said People then and there being wilfully, feloniously and of his malice aforethought did make an assault, and a large quantity, to wit, twenty grains weight of a certain deadly poison called cyanide of mercury, then and there wilfully, feloniously and of his malice aforethought did give and administer unto the said Katherine J. Adams, with intent that she should take and swallow the same down into her body, he, the said Roland Burnham Molineux, then and there well knowing the said cyanide of mercury to be a deadly poison; and the said Katherine J. Adams the said cyanide of mercury so given and administered unto her by the said Roland Burnham Molineux as aforesaid, did then and there take and swallow down into her body, by reason and by means of which said taking and swallowing down the said cyanide of mercury into her body as aforesaid, she, the said Katherine J. Adams, then and there became and was mortally sick and distempered in her body, and of which said mortal sickness and distemper she, the said Katherine J. Adams, did then and there die.**

I would criticize this terse sentence as lacking in accuracy, literary felicity, and common sense, and the fact that they are still indicting people in the same prose style today is a fresh reminder that the lay public is a sick man, tended by doctors whose livelihood would be gone if he ever got well.

FROM this digest of the Molineux trial, one gets, for instance, no hint of the endless fascination of that ferocious and picturesque trial lawyer, the late James W. Osborne, no word of whose impassioned address to the jury is found room for in the book. And one gets only the faintest glimmer of the fabulous creature who sentenced Molineux to the electric chair. That was the late John W. Goff, an Irishman of misleadingly benign appearance, who lived long enough to sentence Becker. Goff was a hanging judge, although the pressure he exerted to induce convictions did not often appear in the record when it reached the Court of Appeals. There it would be noted how Goff had scrupulously warned the jury that if they had a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt they must acquit him. But the mere type could not reveal that this obligatory warning had been given in such an ironic tone as made it tantamount to saying:

"Of course, gentlemen of the jury, if the antics of the shyster hired by this palpable criminal have so befuddled you as to plant a seed of doubt in your minds, then I suppose you must endanger and disgust this community by turning the fellow loose."

While I live I shall never forget the impish gleam of Goff's judicial eye during one trial when he was really very naughty. A certain Edward McGrath was being tried before him for having cut the throat of a natty and venerable pansy named Rose. Whether this slaughter arose from ill-will or merely from a relish for cutting throats, it was difficult for one not intimate with the prisoner to determine. After the blood-letting, the slayer donned the murdered man's best suit, a procedure dubious both as to taste and tactics, and was wearing it when arrested.

The case against him was so clear that there was an unmistakable gasp in the courtroom when the jury brought in a verdict of only second-degree murder. McGrath's lawyer, rosy with the triumph of having saved his client from the chair, went abstractedly through the automatic motions of protest, seeking to imply that the lad he had defended was guilty, at the most, of a mild prank, and should escape with a fine, or even a reprimand.

"Your Honor," he rattled on, "I move to set aside the verdict as against the weight of evidence, and I further move—"

"Wait a minute," murmured His Honor, "what was your first motion?"

"To set aside the verdict as against the weight of evidence."

"Granted," said Justice Goff.

"What do you mean?" asked the lawyer, in great bewilderment.

"Your motion is granted."

After a moment of stunned silence, during which the aforesaid lad gave his startled lawyer as dirty a look as ever I saw pass from one man to another, counsel began a storm of protest, through which, somehow, you could hear the Judge whispering, "Court is adjourned."

If memory serves, another jury found McGrath guilty of first-degree murder, but, anyway, the higher court restored the original verdict, expunging all subsequent proceedings as frivolous. McGrath must be out and about by this time, for that was nigh onto twenty years ago. Lawsy me, lawsy me!

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

IT'S THE COST PER CUP THAT COUNTS!

When all the rich full-flavoured goodness of the coffee bean comes direct to your cup in little amber crystals that need only hot water to make delicious coffee in a few seconds at the table...when the little canister that holds the crystals is so beautifully designed for your table... and when it seems so small to cost a dollar...don't think FineArt* Coffee is expensive. You will get many more cups of that supremely satisfying coffee from the FineArt* canister than you get from two pounds of ground coffee...and not a cupful wasted, because you can make exactly as many cups as you require...without grounds, without percolator or pot...Serve it at every meal.

FINEART* FOODS INCORPORATED, TUCKAHOE, N. Y.

FineArt* Tea and Coffee may be purchased from Charles & Co... Park & Tilford...Acker, Merrall & Condit...Vendôme-Ecklebe & Guyer...Ruhmshottel Bros. in Brooklyn...Bamberger's in Newark... and other leading merchants.

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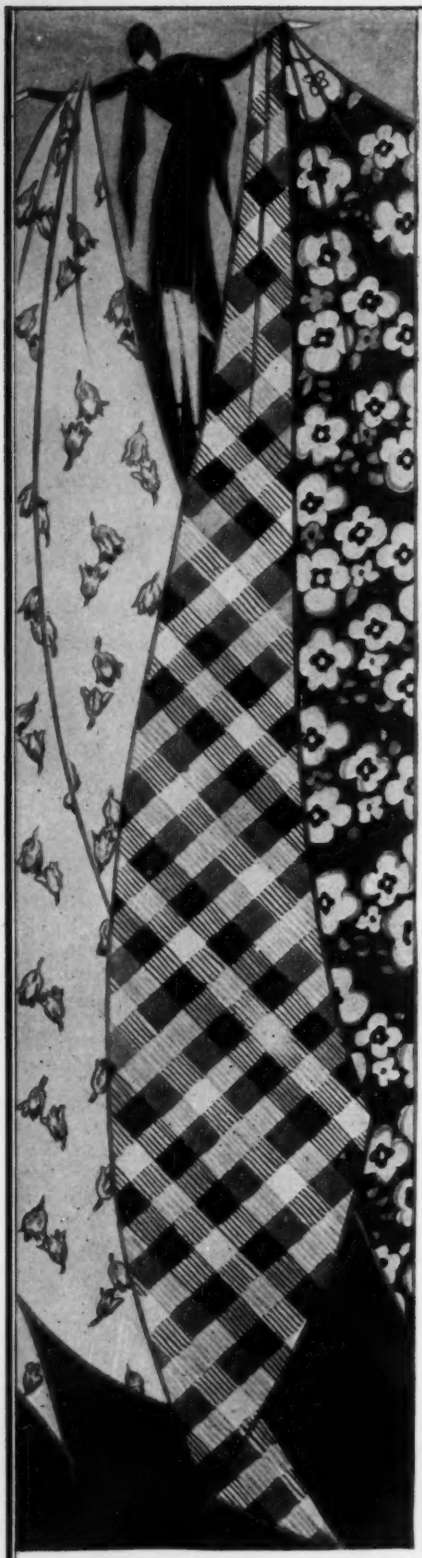
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Now you can be "pretty"

WHAT a relief—this season you can indulge your pet vanity without loss of chic! Softened neck-lines to flatter your face... wear a real waist-line frock, if you can... a suggested "waist" if the tape-line is unkind. You or some clever dressmaker will know the best "points" to high light in frocks made from McCutcheon's exclusive materials.

***Lamés*—you simply must have a "Sunday night frock," evening dress or coat blouse in a glamorous sheer or opaque lamé. The loveliest metals you ever saw from $6.95 to $39.50 a yard.**

***Velvets*—becoming to every face and figure! Panne, Transparent, Chiffon, Faconné, Moire effects, Prints and stunning Plaids. All black from $5.95. New colors and novelties from $8.50 to $12.50 a yard.**

***Crepes*—a dull-lustre Canton or Flat Crepe is a necessity in every wardrobe. Heavy quality in new colors from $2.95 to $4.95 a yard.**

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE ART GAL

The October Openings—Archipenko on the First Fifth

PERHAPS the season will hold nothing more interesting than some of the exhibitions that will have their official openings within the next four weeks or so. There will be the annual Kraushaar show, on October 5, which as a rule is a compilation of the most excellent unpurchased French pictures in circulation. On October 21 de Hauke offers us Modigliani—until then he is showing French moderns; and we are promised the début of the new Museum of Modern Art on November 1. The museum is to be on the twelfth floor of the Heckscher Building. Valentine, at present, is displaying the pictures he bought in France this summer. Daniel is to have a group showing of the best pieces composed by Americans since spring. This is to start October 10.

WE found the Dudensing Galleries the first in the field with a new exhibit. This firm has had such success this summer that it now announces a series of branches in most of the large cities.

In the present show, which will linger on through the month, there is a good representation of the wares the Dudensing Galleries believe in. We have always admired the spirit and purpose of this house, though we often disagree with its taste. The Dudensings' strength has also been their weakness; their desire to help young American art has impelled them to judgments that would be avoided by older and more calculating dealers. Here and there, we think, is a real spark in the group shown. We wish there were more of this quality and less of the imitative and categorical paintings.

Of the men in the exhibition we have always liked Arnold Wiltz best. He has a clean, honest manner and is steadily working toward a finer expression. We do not favor his current offering—a composition of billowing hillside and well-divided spaces—as much as some others we have seen, but there is a great deal of his finest qualities in it. Arnold Blanch is another we think well of. There is a certain sort of realism in his delineation of an untidy landscape that has the

GALLERIES

First in the Field
Fifth Floor—In Brief

charm found in the early Hudson school. It is a type of painting not much in vogue now, but we think it will always have its followers. Pollet, another of the best of this group, this time shows one of his more extensive landscapes. Then there is a picture by Mangravite, who chided us roundly once for thinking he painted like Chirico; and there is Graham, who has been a modern as long as any of us. Also, the show has the irrepressible Buk and Nurma, who do Mexicans and babies in a big way.

ART has reared its ugly head on the fifth floor of Saks-Fifth Avenue. We went with all the good-will in the world to see their first show—of Archipenko—but we went home bewildered. If we had our way, we would be a little kindlier to art. We would want to have art dominate its environment, whatever it might be. We would rather have a painting or piece of sculpture scream at you (if it had no beauty) than see it relegated to being a mere doo-dad tricking out a piece of modern decoration. We are willing to wager that a Gauguin, a Matisse, or a Maillol would bow its head under these conditions; Archipenko becomes a pleasant little trifle here and there, giving point to some blazing, raucous simplicity. The whole floor is arty in that new Parisian way, and is too bewildering and confusing to be the most suitable niche for blushing art. We hope the next exhibition will have more entity and less décor.

HERE AND THERE: Montross will have, until October 12, a show of Stefaan Couwenberg, a painter from Holland. . . . William Macbeth is holding an exhibition of drawings and portraits by Paul Swan, erstwhile dancer. . . . During October Kleemann-Thorman will show etchings under the heading: "Masters and Their Influence."

—M. P.

•

Simeon Andreaofsky, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Andreaofsky of Kodiak Island, had a fully developed set of molars, one of the second cases on record. —*Valdez (Alaska) Miner.*

Well, nobody needs them more than he does.

Did King George IV *Regain his* Lady's favor *with Parfum* LUBIN?

THE love of George IV for Mrs. Fitzherbert has become one of the most romantic chapters of England's colorful history.

The amorous Prince wooed her, married her, left her and denied her—but he loved her, and won her forgiveness many times. He delighted to send his Lady the most rare and costly perfumes—subtle and exotic flower odors from France, literally worth a King's ransom, and these welcome gifts frequently prepared the forgiving Mrs. Fitzherbert for her lord's home-coming.

So pleased was George IV with the artistry of M. Pierre Francois Lubin, of Paris, in distilling and blending of rare flower odors that, when the Prince became King, he publicly acknowledged his debt to the Parisian by giving him the "Patent of Perfumer to his Majesty the King of England."

The preference for certain scents has changed since 1793, but the house of Lubin continues to distill priceless flower-odors and to blend a variety of perfumes for the fancy of exacting women who permit no compromise with quality.

GARDENIA . . . a distinctive fragrance—so rare, so different, it whispers an odeur of aristocratic refinement that is proof of the wizardry of Parfumerie Lubin. This odeur perfumes an entire series of toiletries—and is available at the most exclusive shops.

If Madame has difficulty in finding Parfums Lubin at her favorite shops, we will be glad to tell her where she may obtain it.

* *2e Patent of Parfumeur*
To His Majesty the King of England
I do hereby appoint Monsieur Pierre Francois Lubin of Paris into the place and quality of Perfumer to his Majesty to have, hold, exercise and enjoy the said place with all rights, profits, privileges and advantages hereunto belonging.
Given unto my hand and seal this 22nd day of December, 1821, in the second year of his Majesty's reign.
Montrop

Parfumerie **LUBIN** *Inc.*
6 WEST 48th STREET NEW YORK CITY

The MAGIC in MEN'S HANDS

MEN'S HANDS are magical. They master matter with strange craft. They fuse into its fibre men's wills and dreams, men's souls. Machines can duplicate. They cannot create. The hands of craftsmen are conductors of a creative current from mind to material. Only the hands of craftsmen can impart to a lifeless thing, a soul.

For eighty-seven years, the hands of craftsmen have created the Hardman Piano. In a fine, high tradition they have wrought, in wood, metal, strings, the magic of incomparable tone.

To that which craftsmen's hands create, men's hearts pay tribute. More Hardman Pianos were sold last year than in any other year in Hardman history.

More people come each day to the Home of the Hardman than ever before.

Eternally young with creative vitality that must be expressed, the hands of Hardman craftsmen, last year, caught in the wood that encased the instrument the spirit of a new age, and created a modernistic piano—the Modernique. It was youth, pioneering. And men responded.

Craftsmanship rests not alone with the Hardman, for in America there are at least five pianos of the finer type. The hands of men have wrought more than one kind of beauty—even of the beauty of tone. All should be heard—the tones of all compared; but the ear should wait for the one among them that sings superbly of the hands that brought it into being.

A Hardman may be purchased by payments over a period of years

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HARDMAN PIANOS

THESE MODERNS! . . . . No. III

"Not a sign of a sail, Peter?" wailed Wendy.

Peter shook his head dolefully. "It was rather careless of me not to have the plane refueled at that Antarctic airport."

"I'm so awfully hungry, Peter. And we can't eat Lux Toilet Soap, you know!"

"I know." Peter was feeling quite hollow, himself. "But you can wash your face with Lux Toilet Soap. And you'll look as beautiful as . . . as a Broadway star★. And then some susceptible sailor★ will pick us up right away!". . .

About the care of her beautiful complexion, Mildred McCoy says: "A soft, attractive skin is very important to a star. The caressing lather of Lux Toilet Soap certainly leaves my skin as smooth as satin and so clear and fresh."

Mildred McCoy

★A "susceptible sailor" isn't the only person who is attracted by a lovely skin! *Everybody* finds it one of the most appealing charms a girl can have.

The Broadway stage stars, ever on the alert to keep their skin at its best, long ago discovered that there's nothing like Lux Toilet Soap for guarding the soft smoothness of the skin.

And never were they more appreciative of its gentle care than since so many of them are being signed for the new talking and singing pictures. The most intense light imaginable pours down on an actress's skin when she appears on the set for the great close-up test—and unless her skin registers faultlessly smooth on the film, she can never hope to go far in motion pictures.

So devoted are the Broadway stars to Lux Toilet Soap that it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters in New York alone—and by other leading theaters over the country.

Out in Hollywood—where 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—all the great film studios have made it the official soap for *their* dressing rooms.

You'll be charmed with this white, daintily fragrant soap, too—so softly smooth does it keep the skin. Use it for the bath and the shampoo, too. Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—yet only 10¢.

MILDRED MCCOY, who has received such enthusiastic notices, both from critics and theater-going New York, for her clever acting this season in *It's a Wise Child*, first appeared with the Provincetown Players. Since, she has played on Broadway in *These Days*, *Juno and the Paycock*, and *The Marriage Bed*. She is a charming actress—extremely talented and extremely lovely to look at, with especially beautiful, clear skin.

THE WAYWARD PRESS

PROPAGANDA AND SUCH

AFTER four months of burrowing through French, German, and English newspapers, the journals of New York City look so good that this department feels a perfect rotter to be sitting down in a captious mood before them. Please let it be understood that, no matter how tired or cross we may seem, we really believe that the metropolitan press is a wonderful group of newspapers, its reporters the highest type of manhood and womanhood, and its makeup men titans in their profession. The paper-stock is good, too.

There are one or two things, however—

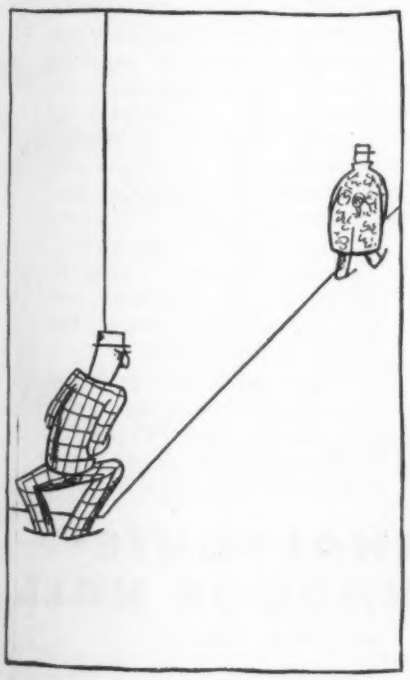
Now about these Coolidge-Trumbull nuptials. Just because the newspapers got cheated out of a big story when Colonel Lindbergh gave them the slip was no reason for shooting the works as they did on the "quiet wedding" in Connecticut last week. One would almost have thought that the public cared. Much as we all loved and admired our ex-President (except when he got to dressing up in fancy dress), and avidly as we read about his one-family, two-family, three-family house in Willow Street, or Maple Street, or whatever that street is in Northampton (and, by the way, if Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge keep on selling their personal recollections to Mr. Hearst at so much per word they ought to be able to move into a house by themselves pretty soon), and much as we would like to offer every good wish to young Major Coolidge and his bride, we can hardly say that we took any time off from work to read what the guests had to eat at the reception in the tent or even what Governor Trumbull had to say on the occasion of their eating it. John Coolidge is a very estimable young man but he has not yet caught the popular fancy to the extent that his superior officer (by one grade) Colonel Lindbergh has, and the papers could hardly have given Colonel Lindbergh more space or personal attention, even if he had been willing to let them.

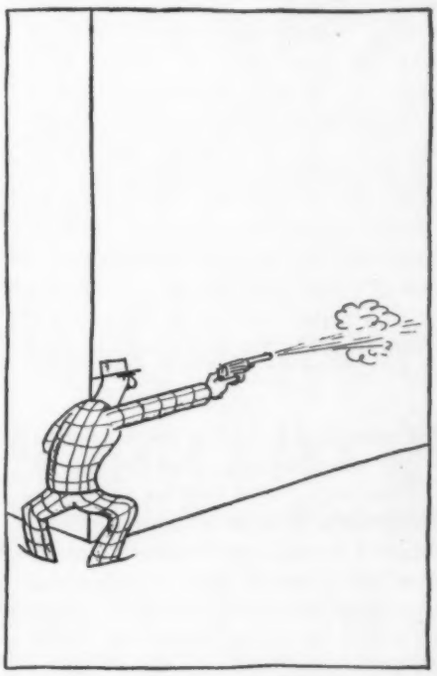
Probably because the *World* is a mean old opposition paper, Mr. Courtenay Terrett's stories for it from Plainville were the only ones which caught the humor of the fuss. His lead on his September 23 dispatch more or less tipped off the spirit of the occasion:

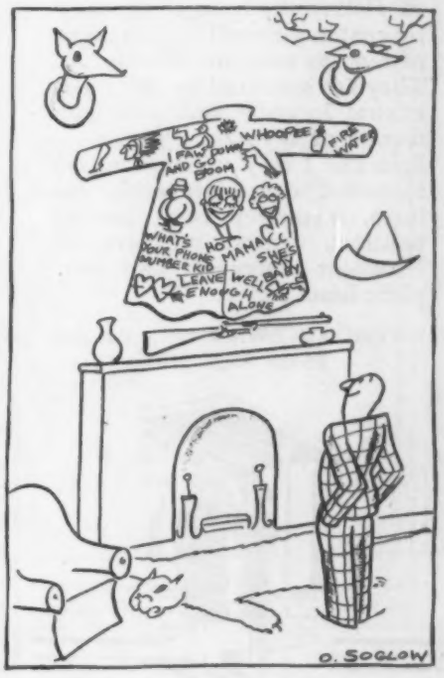
At four o'clock tomorrow afternoon, with a horde of well-drilled photographers drawn up outside the church and the vestry filled with docile reporters, with 1,100 chrysanthemums lining the chancel and several score Connecticut state troopers holding back the throng without, with two ministers and an expensive organist and the chief leaders of the State's Republican Party in attendance, Miss Florence Trumbull will be married to John Coolidge.

There is nothing like these New Englanders for austere simplicity in matters of this kind. Oh, and while we are felicitating the young couple, may we not offer to Governor Trumbull our best wishes for his coming Senatorial campaign?

WHILE the nation is concerned with the patriotic activities of Mr. Shearer and the Daughters of the American Shipbuilding Trade, it might be well to examine propaganda of other







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GRACIOUS LIVING!

The **NAVARRO**

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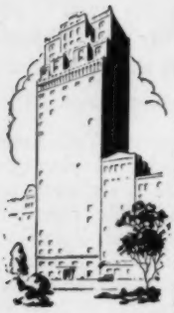

HERE the 'art of living' has a real significance . . . Central Park, with a panorama of winding drives, is your private estate. There are garden terraces overlooking the park. Really livable apartments of two, three or more large rooms. Tiled and ventilated serving pantries equipped with enameled fixtures and central refrigeration. Excellent service and the finest restaurant in town.

DONALD J. THOMAS, *Manager*
Phone Circle 7900

The

WYNDHAM

Apartment Hotel

42 W. 58th St.—(in the Park Plaza Section)

IN the shadow of Carnegie Hall in the heart of the artistic center, you will find a coterie of famous men and women . . . They are attracted by the smart central location and quiet perfection of Wyndham Service . . . Suites of 1 to 3 or more rooms furnished or unfurnished. On lease, or transient basis. Serving pantries, central refrigeration Excellent restaurant and complete hotel service.

RAYMOND SWANSON, *Manager*
Phone Plaza 3500

BUILT AND OWNED BY SAMUEL MINSKOFF

kinds which manages to fill the newspapers with items of not-so-particular interest. Aviation, for instance.

We do not mean to imply that there is anything malign in the efforts of the aviation companies and societies to make the nation air-conscious. Flying will soon replace the horse, and it probably will be a very good thing. But we must congratulate the publicity bureaus of the various aviation agencies for supplying the press with so many news-notes which are accepted. There are some mornings when nine out of ten stories in the newspapers deal with flying and flying-machines, some of them interesting, some of them just as dull as news-stories of bicycle road-races would be under the same circumstances.

The *Times* is especially air-minded and will evidently run anything so long as it has to do with something leaving the ground. Pages 2 and 3 of the *Times*, on a dull morning, will often have no other news. Most of these little items have to do with new safety devices, especially after there has been a big accident, but there are plenty of notes of flights from Utica to Elmira and stories dealing with what someone predicts for the future of aviation. It makes corking reading for those of us who are still walking to work.

None of this publicity can be called pernicious, but it shows a highly efficient propaganda department. Once in a while something rather underhanded is pulled to convince the public that flying is really the safest method of travel, as, for instance, last summer when a very obviously concerted attempt was made to smooth over the nervousness caused by three fatal crashes in one week on Long Island by proving that Wilmer Stultz was drunk when he fell. It was only the second time, so far as we remember, that the papers have used the libelous word "drunk" without qualification, and the other was in the somewhat different case of young Mr. Heflin. But the aviation authorities said that Stultz was drunk, and Stultz was dead, so why not?

IT may be a little late to mention it, but what has become of the pogrom in Palestine? Not that we are bloodthirsty enough to want it to continue, but, as a news-story, it was one of the most disorganized and nebulous that has ever come to our attention. Starting out with vague reports of wholesale murdering, the entire thing shortly became a jumble of conflicting reports

THE coming vivid season in Philadelphia lures those whose cultured tastes turn naturally to a full, gracious mode of enjoyment of living.

The Barclay offers the atmosphere, flexibility of apartment space and furnishings, service, cuisine and entertainment facilities that are adaptable to every whim and way of living, for one person or a family, a year or a day.

The **Barclay**

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HARRY TAIT, Managing Director
Telephone KINGSLEY 0300

FRESH FROM THE ARCHITECTS AND DECORATORS

IT IS a fresh and comfortable beauty — this of new Haddon Hall. Everything is here to delight your eye and your sense of comfort. Sports rooms, squash courts, gymnasium, sun-bathing rooms, Sandy Cove, a playroom for the children—and bedrooms of beautiful decorative schemes, the results of unstinted planning. Ocean breezes blow in through open windows, and out the windows there's the broad ocean view.

Relax and feel at home here. Both riding and golfing facilities. Write for literature. A Motoramp garage adjoins the hotel.

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY
American and European Plans
Leeds and Lippincott Company

(Nor is the alternative,
necessarily, a brown derby)

When book pages wore high hats and book critics were polysyllabic and profound, the chief aim of literary criticism seemingly was to discourage writing folk from writing books and average folk from reading 'em. Nothing post-Miltonian ever got a break.

There seems to be a refreshingly new critical outlook these days, and in Chicago Howard Vincent O'Brien, book editor of The Daily News, is its chief exponent.

Neither too grave nor frivolous . . . caustic nor too kind . . . high hat nor low brow . . . the modern critic seeks a golden mean of aim and style . . . directs his appeal to that increasing public of average readers whose whims and habits, in the final analysis, dictate the form and style of nearly all written things.

The result in The Chicago Daily News is a daily column and weekly section bright, zestful, newsy . . . authoritative and in good taste, always, but never dull. Indeed The Daily News book pages under Mr. O'Brien's editorship are so well worth reading for their text alone that they are winning daily a larger and more loyal following among the general readers.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's Home Newspaper

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Member of The 100,000 Group of American Cities

Exclusive news photo of Capt. John L. Snitch
(Circle indicates Cap'n Snitch)

"Thar she lights!"
shouts Cap'n Snitch

Old Sea Dog Tells How Automatch Saved Crew of the Minnie L. Cohen

"The wind screeched . . . starboards trembled . . . aft in the stilly night as we rowed toward the sinking Effie K. Marx. The first mate stood on the poop deck and flicked his Automatch to light a cigaret. 'Saved!' The cry rang across the lake as the ship sank at the heels. Our entire crew now carries Automatch."

Possibly we mis-read Capt. Snitch's exclusive wire. At any rate Automatch does light *every* time, even in the wind. And there are no protrusions on the outside. Everything tucked inside—ship-shape. Also a wick that never wears out . . . an automatic flint-replacement signal . . . and Energine the only fuel . . . entirely different in principle and design from any other lighter.

Smart, trim, covered with genuine reptile skins, Automatch sells for $5.00 at leading department stores, jewelry stores, drug stores and specialty shops. Automatch Corporation, 267 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AUTOMATCH
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
The NEW *and* DIFFERENT *Lighter*

trailing off into silence. No one ever really found out how many people were killed, or when the Arabs stopped their romping. On a single day the *Times* would have a story from its special correspondent (who seemed to get around a lot faster than the other boys) telling of more assaults, the *Herald Tribune* would say nothing about assaults but would mention the efforts of the British to check future ones, the *World* would report "all quiet on the eastern front," and the rest of the papers would print whatever happened to come in to the desk. No two dispatches were the same, or even about the same thing, and readers of one paper must have got an entirely different impression of the goings-on from that given to readers of another paper. This department, from reading them all, hasn't the slightest idea what really happened, except that there was dirty work somewhere. And is it all over now? And what are the British doing? Maybe we could find out by writing to the British censor.

SPEAKING of the Shearer investigation, a peculiar typographical emergency confronted the *Times* in its September 27 issue while reporting the minutes of the committee meeting of the previous day. At just that point in the story where it was reported that Shearer had boasted to somebody that he had landed a "hot shot" in the New York *Times* and in the Chicago *Tribune*, the compositor found that his column was going to be too long and seven paragraphs were suddenly set in much smaller type than that of the rest of the story. The regular form was then resumed. It was just one of those coincidences, and to show that there had been no attempt to conceal the suspicious reference to the *Times* from its readers, or make it difficult for them to read, the next time the small type was used was when the *Times'* correspondent, Wythe Williams, was cited as having written an article exposing Shearer. So the thing evens up nicely.

The *Herald Tribune* played even fairer with the *Times* than did the *Times* itself, for in its report of the investigation it mentioned cryptically that "Shearer wrote to his employers asking them to read a New York and a Chicago paper for the reflection of his views," while the *World* did the complete friendly thing and never mentioned the incident at all. So, even in setting the thing in small type, the *Times* seems to have been leaning over

Cammeyer
FIFTH AVENUE
AT 46TH *and* AT 38TH

They Say

. . . that Cammeyer creations are more exquisite than ever this Autumn. And these two models would indicate that what they say is true. Many leathers! Many shades!

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS INSTITUTE OF BEAUTY

. . . *opens its new salon*

PRIMROSE HOUSE now welcomes its patrons at the new salon at 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Here an eminent international decorator has created an entirely new note in salon treatment, and through its quiet atmosphere Primrose House breathes the spirit of beauty and youth.

Created originally for a group of prominent society women, grown dissatisfied with ordinary results obtained from ordinary preparations and treatments, Primrose House has brought new loveliness to thousands of women by its noted Face Molding Treatments and scientifically prepared preparations . . . And so effective are the marvelous Primrose Preparations, that they now are famous wherever beautiful women go. They may be obtained at all leading drug and department stores.

One of the treatment rooms in the charming new Primrose House Salon where skilled fingers invoke your loveliness.

Do you SMOKE IN SUSPENSE?

♦♦♦ THEN EXPERIENCE THE COMFORT OF SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE!

When things you hope for hang in the balance . . . do you smoke unusual amounts of cigarettes? Then see that they are Spuds! Experience the unique result of 16% cooler smoke! No matter how long the cigarette session, Spuds leave your mouth in its own moist-cool comfort . . . your tobacco senses keen! It's that scientifically-proven "16% cooler" which heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor . . . the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

backward in its attempt to print all the news.

AMONG the other remarks which the *Times* printed in the same story (also in one of the small-type paragraphs) was one which makes confusing reading but which is probably as it was spoken. We print it herewith:

Q. That was only successful in so far as it was successful? A. Yes.

And a very good answer, too.

ANOTHER line of work which seems able to get almost any kind of story into the papers these days is transatlantic-liner building. Since the news about the Bremen, which, after all, *is* built and *is* crossing the ocean in less time than any other ship, the other steamship companies have been announcing in rotation that they too are building gigantic liners which will eclipse the Bremen and its record. These announcements ought to be fairly easy to make, especially as the time set for the laying of the keels varies from one to five years in the future. We have no doubt that if the Furness Lines were to issue a statement saying that in 1940 they were planning to build a boat which would be larger than the Bremen and faster than the Graf Zeppelin, they would find no difficulty in getting the announcement printed. As in the case of the editor biting the dog, the *real* shipbuilding news broke the other day when the White Star Line came out and said that it had *stopped* work on the new Oceanic and was going in for building boats *smaller* than the Bremen.

WE congratulate the *Daily Mirror* on being able to get David Belasco to act as editor of Earle Peacox's life-story which ran during the trial. Does this mean that Mr. Belasco has at last carried out his front-page threat made five, four, three, and two years ago to retire from producing, and that he is taking up editorial work? Something rather fine ought to be done by newspapermen to welcome the Wizard into the Fourth Estate. A good editor is hard to find, especially one with a round collar.

—GUY FAWKES

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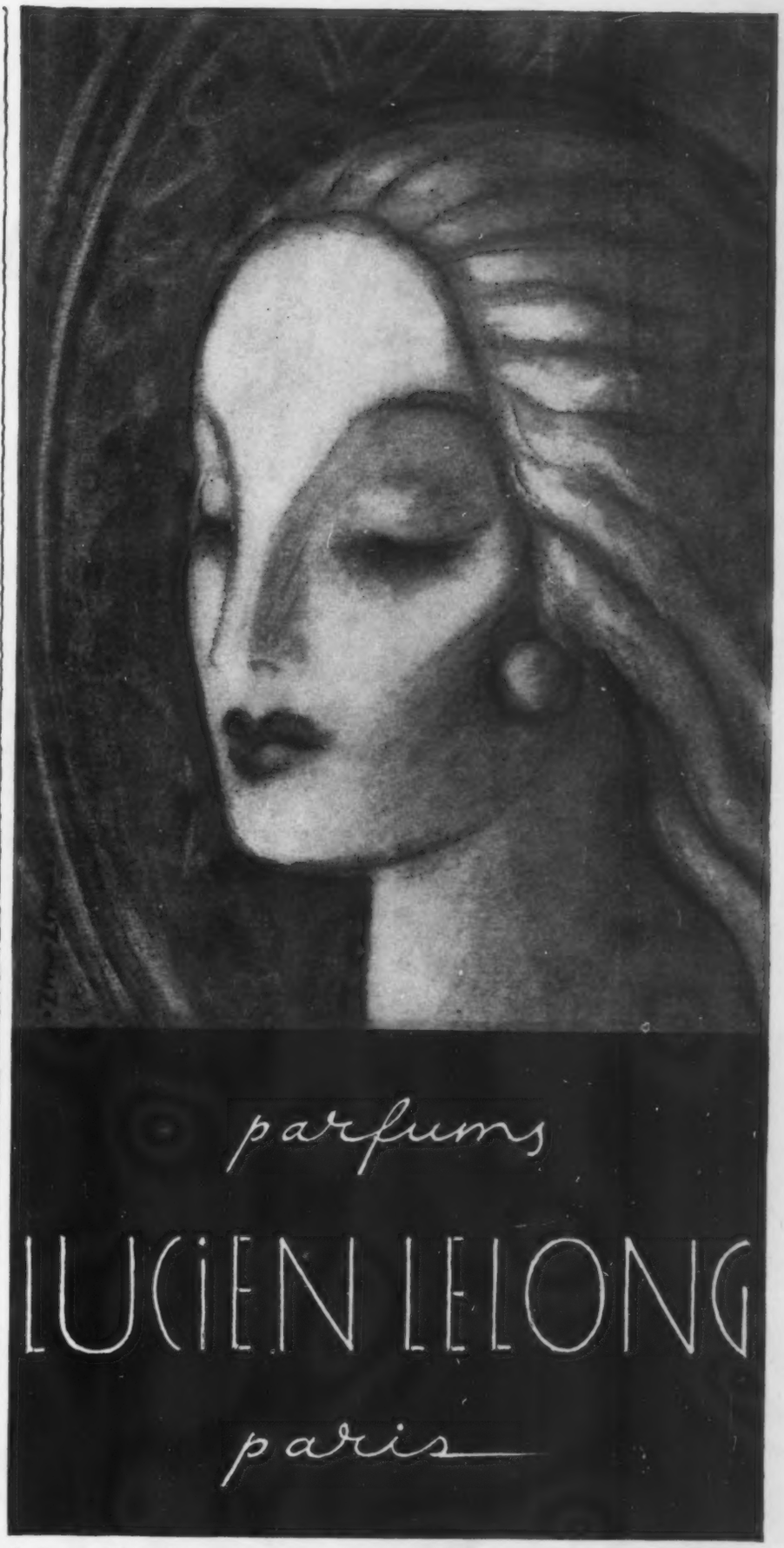
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED: Trough. Pronounced trof, a as in soft.



Perfume delicately paints an unseen portrait on the air, invokes a fragrant image that, to others, is one's very self. That yours may be lovelier still, I have created my four fragrances . . . individual, varied and ever responsive to the mood . . . Parfums A, B, C and N. You will wish, I think, to make one yours . . . They are at the better stores, everywhere—L. L.

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VIGILANCE!

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TASTE *above everything*

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...tobacco... not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY

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HAWAII SOUTH SEAS AUSTRALIA

THE RACE TRACK

Gallant Fox a Junior Champion — Form — Sam Hildreth, the Man Who Knew Horses

AND so we come to Jamaica, and the last meeting of the season on the Long Island tracks. If the weather runs to form, it always blows up cold along about the fourth race; my one best tip for the meeting is: take along your overcoat, or some wraps.

NONE will begrudge William Woodward his successes at Aqueduct and Woodbine last week, especially as the number of his winners for the past few seasons has been disproportionate to his efforts. In my opinion his Gallant Fox is the best colt that has won the Junior Champion Stakes since the race was revived at Aqueduct. After the son of Sir Galahad III ran third in the Futurity, the vice-chairman of the Jockey Club told me he believed him to be a much better colt than his half-brother, Petee-Wrack. Only four ran for the Junior Champion; Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt's Desert Light made a bold front for half a mile, but Gallant Fox tackled him in the straight and, pegging him back, ran home an easy winner, while Mrs. Madelon West's Sir Johren finished third. Half an hour later we heard of Frisius' second victory at Toronto; so with the victory of Flying Gal, a daughter of Sir Galahad III, the week was a profitable one for the Belair Stud.

THE disappointment of Mrs. H. C. Phipps was shared by most of us when her apparently unbeatable Diavolo was beaten in the Aqueduct Handicap. It seemed to me the son of Whisk Broom II stripped a bit light for the race, and Maiben rode him overconfidently. The result was that Sun Beau, shipped back from Woodbine after his sorry showing in the Toronto Cup, won by a length.

FORM farther afield, in Maryland and Kentucky, has furnished mystifying upheavals. Gallant Knight, who was beaten off at Belmont Park, won the Breeders' Futurity at Lexington

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A FACE POWDER . . . soft as mist . . . made from a formula once reserved for French and English royalty . . . and only recently rediscovered by me. In White, Ochrepink, Rachel and Natural. Price, with downy velour puff, $3. Refills with puff, $1.50.

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A TRIPLE COMPACT . . . identical with my double compact . . . except that a dainty lipstick is included. Price, $3. Refills of each item, 50¢.

A LIPSTICK . . . chic and witching . . . in Light, Medium, Dark and Sunbrite . . . the last-named changing upon application from orange tint to vivid red, depending upon skin texture. Price, $1.00. Refills, 50¢.

GO to the retailer who displays the Lucretia Vanderbilt poster . . . and there, for twenty-five cents, you may have a Miniature Presentation, which includes a dainty flask of perfume and a powder compact.

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N. Y. Oct. 5

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COMFORTABLE AIR SAFE SHIP STEP CABIN THROUGH VERY SEVERE
STORM IN SOUTH GEORGIA SHIP HANDLED BEAUTIFULLY ANYONE
COULD FLY IT YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR BUILDING
SUCH A CRAFT FOR SO MODERATE A PRICE
ROBERT GANDER

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A HURRIED business man on a quick flight south. Over Georgia—a sudden, fierce, semi-tropical storm. Slashing sheets of rain . . . tree tops nearly touching the ground . . . all live things scurrying for the nearest cover.

Next day comes a wire—the wire shown above—". . . Ship Handled Beautifully Anyone Could Fly It You Are to Be Congratulated For Building Such A Craft!"

Congratulations!

Thus they pour in. Every day. From every part of the world. From amateur and professional pilots alike . . . come these stories of the Robin's splendid service. Steady, sure service for every flying purpose . . . dependable, consistent performance in fair or foul weather everywhere.

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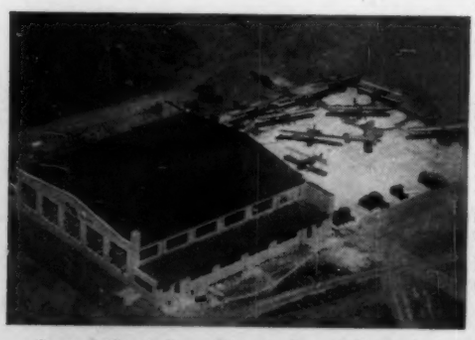

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from Galaday and Pansy Walker, while Dedicate came out of the West to outrun Hi-Jack and fifteen others in the Eastern Shore Handicap. I'm told George Widener's colt sulked. A few days before, I had had a modest flutter over Galaday, and after she won I complained about the odds in the pari-mutuels, a $2 ticket paying $2.28. I was consoled with: "There are plenty of banks in Florida that didn't pay fourteen cents on the dollar."

RACING has lost a great horseman in Sam Hildreth. Although he preferred to buy his runners ready-made, as it were, he had no equal in keeping them at concert pitch and in placing them where they could win. He seldom was outmatched—strategy learned in the days when he and Charlie (now Vice-President) Curtis rode races in Indian Territory. I think he would have liked best to be known as the man who knew horses. All he owned or trained were almost human to him and he talked of them as though they were people. I recall him telling me of Stromboli, and how he turned him out to run with the mares. "They just follow him round the paddock like he was a king," Sam said. "I'll bet he tells 'em all about Belmont and Saratoga and the good horses he beat—and I'll bet he's an awful liar."

Hildreth knew he was a great trainer, but fortune to him appeared to be an occult power, the aid of which he frequently invoked by means of fanciful fetishes, or propitiated with taboos. Some years ago he had an unusual run of bad luck: he could not win a race or a bet. One day, as a final gesture, he backed a horse not his own, heavily. As he sat in his box, a casual acquaintance, doubtless looking for a tip, stopped and admired Buster, his French poodle, patted its head, and finally picked it up. Just then the field was off and the man stepped into the box with the dog in his arms. The horse Hildreth backed won, and for the remainder of that summer every time Sam had a big bet down he'd try to get that man to come into the box again and hold the dog.

He believed that if a photograph were taken of one of his horses before a race, that horse would lose. The day Lucullite beat Billy Kelly, Hildreth had left the paddock when Dave Leary brought him word that J. K. L. Ross was having a movie taken of Billy Kelly. "Bet five thousand more," he said to Leary. "That horse can't win."

—AUDAX MINOR

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at the criterion

is helen morgan in paramount's "applause" . . . and the public's, too, we hope . . . this is not "fanny on the piano" . . . for this is action, not still life, directed by rouben mamoulian.

at the rialto

only the early bird catches the seat at moran and mack's screen debut in "why bring that up?" . . . paramount choose to.

at the rivoli— united artists

"three live ghosts" are presented with the screen as a medium . . . a funny materialization by united artists . . . of something dreadfully english.

at the paramount

is that "fast company" paramount, of course, emerging from ring lardner and incorporating jack oakie, evelyn brent, and skeets gallagher-jesse crawford at the organ.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mrs. Gubbins' Houseparty

THERE is a certain kind of general good humor in "Three Live Ghosts," at the Rivoli, a lenient affability which embellishes the somewhat disreputable characters of the story with especial charm. As a result, it is a comedy providing good entertainment of a quality superior to the average screen or stage production. There is, to be sure, one interlude, a pretentious insertion of scenes at the front during the war, which is accentuated by the use of the enlarged screen and is out of key with the rest of the story. Though intrinsically well handled, this sort of thing is too hackneyed now to move us much. We are eager to be done with this tragic solemnity and be back with our little group of scamps and scalawags maneuvering their various schemings in the midst of the London of Armistice time.

THE movie is from an old comedy by Max Marcin, and I doubt very much if the play was as good as the screen version is. The story has to do with three young men—an American, a cockney Londoner, and an English peer—who have been lost in the debacle of war. The American and the cockney have been officially reported killed—a premature obituary which happens to suit the plans of both; and the nobleman, as a result of shell-shock, is suffering from a complete lapse of memory as well as from an attack of kleptomania, an extraordinarily adept inclination to pocket any trifle on which he can lay his hands—doubtless some throwback to the temperament of that ancestor who founded his noble house. For this dubious trio there exists in London at the moment only one evident refuge, and that is the home of the cockney, the squalid flat of his ginguzzling stepmother, one Mrs. Gubbins.

Beryl Mercer plays this part, which she also rendered in the original stage production, and in it she is superb. The preposterous old lady, with her liquor, spirit-tappings, and fortune-tellings, with her plans to profit from the plight of the men so unexpect-

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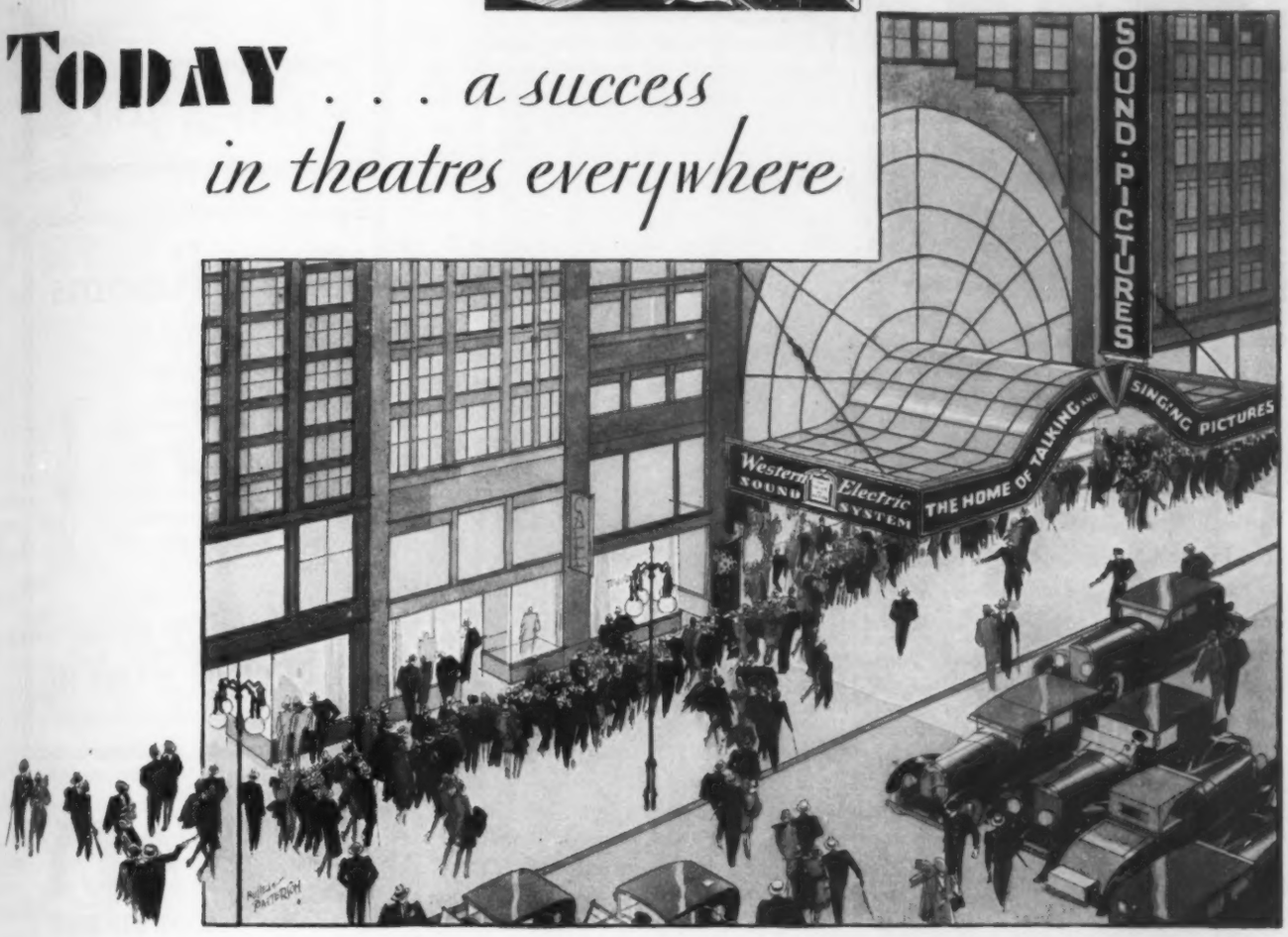

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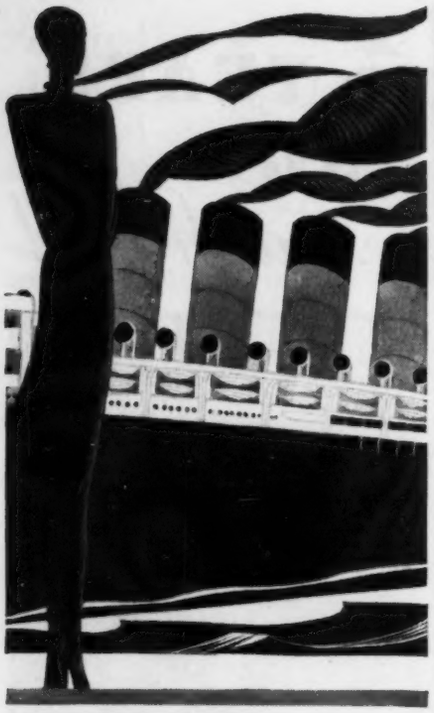

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Personal liberty exists, in a de-luxe-edition, in the big Cunarders. Freedom to do as you please, and not as your neighbor pleases . . . Freedom to make of this week between worlds a small masterpiece in the art of contrast . . . gleaming gold . . . grateful grey . . .

A winged arrowy gaiety for the hours of lift; on the sports decks, in the cardrooms, the restaurants, on the dance floors . . .

A deep sensitive tranquillity for the moments between—in your suite, in your deck chair, in the library . . .

And—everywhere and at all times—the serenity, the poise, the grace, of a house you might visit in Buckinghamshire or Surrey . . . where you would find every whim of luxurious living, every impulse of mood, reflected—and no mood intrusive . . .

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

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CUNARD . . THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

edly her guests, and with her appealing naïveté when her strategies get her in a hole, is distinctly one of the best comedy performances of the year. That the dénouement is facile and simple enough does not matter in a comedy of this sort. The last glimpse of Mrs. Gubbins—her unseemly behavior at her first grand dinner party—is satisfying enough.

IT is somewhat the same quality of good-natured humor that sustains Dorothy Mackaill's unimportant little comedy, "Hard to Get." This is by no means on the same level as "Three Live Ghosts;" it is a very commonplace story about honest, home-loving people in what are known as "plain circumstances." There is the pretty little model with her devoted Pa and Ma, her obstreperous brother, and her brother's friend Jerry, for whom at last she rejects the proposal of the fast, though repentant, rich man. No story could be more conventional, but it is saved by its fresh and lively treatment.

THERE is nothing fresh or lively about the other new pictures. "Illusion," with Buddy Rogers, is just another contribution to make life a little harder for us. Buddy plays the part of a young vaudeville actor who loses his head in an effort to get into that phase of society most despised by movie people, the newly rich. He is ineptly cast, and must not be blamed, we suppose, for the dreariness of the dialogue and the sogginess of the plot.

Equally depressing is "Skin Deep," at the Colony, an underworld drama with gangsters, prison escapes, district attorneys, and ladies described as "molls," all forming a very tedious ensemble.

It were wiser to settle down before the mere literal views of "Afghanistan" and solace one's cares with the sight of camels, ladies in yashmaks, and ruins from the days of Tamerlane.

—J. C. M.

The Keats Club met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. A. Sears. Wieners and cider were served and a paper was read by Miss Beulah Alexander on the subject: "Old Fashioned Lards vs. Vegetable Substitutes."—*Mozelle (Ind.) Herald.*

"Mortality weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep."—John Keats

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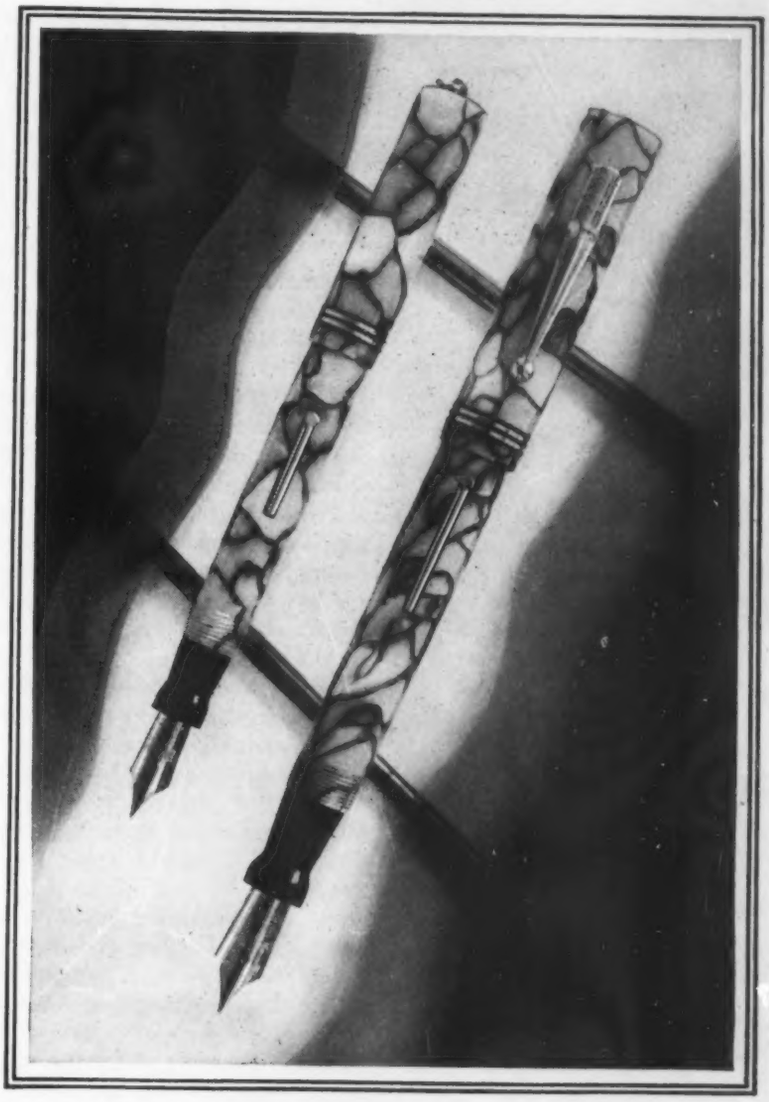
PARIS LETTER

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 25

THE congestion caused by the burning of the steamship Paris is not yet at an end. Numbers of travellers without a passage to their names find themselves still idly landlocked in a city of good champagne, when they ought by rights to be home and hard at work on their synthetic gin. The summer, consequently, has provided unusually valuable propaganda for both the Wets and the Drys. According to tired bartenders, almost on their last legs, drinking among visiting Americans has been particularly heavy, tasteless, and reckless, thus intensifying the Latin barkeep's suspicion that: (a) Americans drink so badly because their country is dry; (b) Americans drink so badly that their country ought to be dry. In any case, gaiety has been of a low quality not seen here since the days immediately following the war. Banking officials, of course, trace the cause to Wall Street. In the past few months thousands of recently successful little stock investors have come to Yurrup for the first time, all resembling in their thirst for licker and bargains the swarm of petty war-profiteers who with empty suitcases trooped into France along with Wilson's ideals. As a result, among the luxury shops the past season has lacked brilliance, and among the small tradesmen it has lacked harmony, for in the Paris of today bargains are non-existent.

THEATRES have started opening at least one eye, rousing themselves by a few revivals. Nothing of particular note is on the boards except that old favorite, Saint-Granier, who in a half-hour turn at the packed Empire perfectly substitutes by his gleaming showmanship for all the missing stars, and by bitter satires offers politics instead of plots to Parisians who anyway will have enough drama before the winter ends.

Saint-Granier, ranking with Mistinguett and Chevalier in proletarian popularity, failed, however, to have the humble origin on which such popularity is usually hung. His family consisted of the Granier de Cassagnacs from Bordeaux; in deference to their noble penates he cut his name on taking to the stage. Though star of re-



It's "Take my Swan" at the Savoy in London, and at Shepheard's in Cairo. There's no talk of mere fountain pens where writing's to be done. *Swans* were made for writing as writing should be done —effortless, gliding, ink at a touch—and always so. For *Swan* ETERNAL PENS are guaranteed eternally.

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vues catering to an Anglo-Saxon box office, in political crises his lampooning songs against Uncle Sam and John Bull are fearless, ferociously funny, and unrefined. His recent tirade against Snowden, sung amid roars of applause from Parisians still smarting under the Yorkshireman's recent victory, was of a grossness, precision, and wit traditional to hawkers' political ballads of earlier and less polite days. His buffooning of Philippe de Rothschild's new Pigalle Theatre, equally delightful to a public bored by six years' preliminary trumpeting about this rich man's toy, will probably remain this year's only non-bootlicking critique of the institution.

THE theatrical season, however, no matter what good preliminary plays it produces, will not officially start until the Pigalle opens with its first, and probably bad, piece, announced as a "History of France"—apparently a series of *tableaux vivants et parlants*, mounted by the Guitrys and showing Madame G. as the famous and historical Gabrielle d'Estrées, as the famous and historical Madame de Pompadour—in short, as the famous and historical Yvonne Printemps. The theatre itself, a mechanical marvel with four revolving stages, a ceiling of lights, and other amazing technical gadgetry, and really fine modern façade and décors, made a two-night bow this spring when the edifice, without play or players, gave receptions something like a dowager's "by invitation only." Booklets were served—remarkable brochures bound in aluminum and featuring a lithographed holograph by Cocteau and marvellous *Kunst* photographs. They announced the direction as being in the hands of Antoine, founder of the famous realist theatre in France, and first French producer not only of Ibsen but also of some of Philippe de Rothschild's pseudonymous plays. It is now understood, with the opening only a few weeks off, that Antoine has been dismissed; but it is said he will get professional heart-balm of one hundred thousand francs' annuity for the rest of his life, which as a result of this affronting shock might easily be a short one. He is to be replaced by young Baty, of the Cartel theatrical four (which includes Dullin, Jouvet, and Pitoëff). Baty is the early producer of Shaw and O'Neill in Paris, and, more recently, of the famous "Maya." If really given a free hand, even among Guitrys and Rothschilds, he should produce some-

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thing remarkable. However, if there were such a thing as justice in this world, Antoine would have done as much too.

THE first of the new season's expatriate literary works is already at hand, via Heinemann of London, and is entitled "Finale of Seem; A Lyrical Narrative," from the pen of the American poet and resident of Paris, Walter Lowenfels. The prefatory note is by Humbert Wolfe, who, after noting Lowenfels' modern occupation with pistons and steel, hastily places him among the Elizabethans, critics being apparently obliged either to push backward or forward by a few centuries any poet honestly occupied merely with his own period.

Lowenfels' material, as well as his manner, is highly personal; his devotion to mechanics is a formal indication of his epoch and is similar to Shelley's fondness for political tracts; his humor and abstractions are probings and are proper to a period of civilized poets interested not merely in the incidents but in all of life, and disinterestedly capable of wondering as hungrily about eternity as about the next meal.

CONSIDERING the extraordinary number of air accidents prevalent all over the world within the past few months—disasters from which few transport companies using airplanes have been immune—it is of especial interest that the French Minister of Instruction has been authorized to open a chair in the College of France, to be called *La Chaire Magistrale de Méchanique Animale Appliquée à l'Aviation.* In other words, a chair of theoretic aeronautics. Thus the College of France has by this decree saved itself in the nick of time from provincial competition; already the country colleges of Montpellier and Grenoble—great universities hundreds of years ago, and still great seats of learning—were toying with the same idea. Faced with the progressive spirit of the Germans, from whose flying fields at Berlin alone more planes depart than arrive and depart at the air-ports of all France combined, the French are making, as befits their tradition, not only a commercial but also an intellectual effort. They have even produced a commercial plane whose upholstery and cockpit were designed by Paul Poiret. This is one of the French methods of flying high.

—GENÊT

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, SEPT. 25

BEFORE the Chanel opening, it was rumored that all but three of her mannequins —known to be the world's thinnest— had been fired, to be replaced by those positively underfed-looking girls who are certain to look well in high waistlines. There was probably some small foundation to the tale: a few new faces appear in the Chanel parade, but there is nothing so alarmingly drastic about the Chanel waistline. There is hardly a dress in the entire collection whose belt cannot be worn anywhere you wish. If your Chanel copy is an accurate one, it will look right with the waistline at any angle you choose to put it.

Just there, incidentally, is the test of really good clothes—that they can be worn by a dozen different kinds of figures. Which means that the superiority of Chanel is not merely a legend; there is usually sound sense to any change she makes, just as there is a genuine reason, not just stubbornness, behind her faithfulness to some one fashion.

There is, for example, the lace evening dress. You've no doubt seen, by this time, the heavy velvet evening clothes Chanel is making — dresses that fasten with buttons and buttonholes under one arm and are worn with short velvet capes and jackets edged and vested with fur. You've seen, too, the dresses of marocain—three flaring tiers, the bottom tier tighter around the figure than the top one. Most of them, however, are of lace and tulle, and the tulle ones are shirred and gathered in lacy effects. The black tulle dress, Number 5, with its dipped bands of shirring, its immense bow at the back, and its sudden flare from the hips, will probably—judging by the numbers who have bought it—be this year's Ford, but it is lovely. The neckline on this dress—made wide by placing the shoulder-straps way out on the edge of the shoulders, and with a slight V at the front—appears on all the Chanel evening things.

There are lots of lace dresses in black, and in Chanel's peculiarly grayed pinks and blues, but there are bright colors too—vivid greens, reds, and oranges. One dress has little frills of lace edging the décolletage and arm-eye. Tulle and lace are frequently used together.

Of the bright colors used for day clothes, I liked best the warm blue that appears in the tweed suits and dresses. There are two grand suits, Numbers 240 and 242, in this blue tweed. One of them has the usual white piqué collar, the crushed piqué flower and tie, and two box pleats on the skirt. The other has a skirt that is almost circular, with a little frill sticking up above the belt. It is worn with a beige jersey blouse and tie.

JANE RÉGNY is another person who can take her normal waistline or leave it. One of her mannequins wears a dress of black crêpe—quite plain except for a circular flounce at one side, just below the hips, with a belt at the normal waistline. The same dress is shown without any belt at all, just to let you know how far this waistline business can go.

The Régny tweeds and jerseys are handsome. It is difficult to tell which is which, and it really makes little difference, for they all have that spongy soft quality necessary for this year's clothes. Calais-Douvre is a knockout

"Isn't it lucky you're just Edgar's size?"

AS old as the potter's wheel is the carpet loom of the East. The oldest human poetry sings of "Bearing gifts from the Orient"—frankincense, myrrh and rich hangings—woven carpets of rare colors and designs. Today W. and J. Sloane plays the role of treasure-finder of the East —bringing to America the handiwork of Oriental rug-makers. And so wide in range of pattern, color and price is their collection of beautiful Oriental carpets that every home may now own an authentic example of this art.

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NEW YORK CITY

The JOHNSTON & MURPHY *Shoe for Men*

Whatever the gathering of smartly turned out sports followers—football, the polo field or the country club verandah—the preference for Johnston & Murphy shoes among the well groomed is immediately apparent.

For fall wear—either town or country—the Highland Oxford, a sturdy wing tip brogue, finds favor.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY TRADE MARK SHOE

Newark, N. J.

The Championship Game

The Highland Oxford, Style No. 316

This smart model in imported Brown Scotch Grain, is a popular style for outdoor wear. Also in Black Scotch Grain No. 416. Sold by a leading dealer near you. Ask for style booklet.

of a coat, made of a patterned tweed with an attached vest that is buttoned up around the neck. You wear the vest closed and the coat open, except on the coldest days. Trotting is another fine coat—of a Turkish-towelling type of woollen, nipped in at the waistline and showing a double row of three buttons at the waist. The coat and its accompanying dress are in Régny's "bluefox" color.

AT Chéruit, Madame Wormser, who brings evening clothes to your mind at once, does herself well with day clothes this year. She uses a heavy, warm tweed that reminds you, with its flecks of red and orange scattered on a chestnut-brown background, of reefer days. In Touche à Tous the coat looks like a reefer but has a black caracul collar. The skirt is made with a front placket and has a red crêpe de Chine blouse ending at a high waistline but worn over the skirt.

Anyone who has a black or white fixation for evening clothes could have her inhibitions removed by one visit to Chéruit. No one with a browned skin could pass by the Chéruit orange moire failles. Soleil d'Automne is a gorgeous dress—the skirt all fullness put in with cartridge pleats, and three pompons (one of them bright green) hang down from the left shoulder. It is worn with a grass-green velvet wrap, with mink collar and cuffs. Number 662 is a velvet cape-wrap in burned orange, lined with bronze lamé and edged all around with a bias ruffle of the velvet. One orange moire dress has a few small bows at the back, in deep brown.

The best-looking Chéruit evening dresses are of pink millinery velvet—such as the one called Deux à Deux, with deep revers outlining both front and back décolletage, and with a sash of deeper pink. There is a similar dress of scarlet velvet, with a green sash—obviously for some stunning, vivid person. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

WOMEN who are dashing about looking for a winter wardrobe these days still seem to be in a fluttery frame of mind about the new clothes. The de luxe specialty shops have never been so busy, for everyone who possibly can has apparently thrown out every single article of last year's clothing and started all over again with considerable abandon. The rest of the world, anxiously counting its dress allowance,

DOBBS

Jersey is a classic fashion....

And Dobbs has made it so! Long famous for correct sports clothes, our jersey frocks have always been an important part of our sports collections. This season jerseys are smarter—more interesting. They have assumed new guises with tweedy weaves, plaided effects and unusually attractive combinations.

Jersey is extremely smart for immediate wear for it has a delightful way of adapting itself to the indeterminable weather of early Fall.

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This three-piece model in the finest quality jersey has a sleeveless blouse in a contrasting color. $65.

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Exquisite cabinetwork . . . hinged lid . . . solid mahogany throughout, lacquered in Green, Black, Chinese Red mounted with old English prints, or in Natural Finish (without print). Also de luxe models in 8 colors of gold-tooled pin Morocco. A welcome gift . . . compliment to fine furnishings in any home, office or directors' room. Retailers not yet supplied are *also* invited to write us.

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20 Interchangeable labels with every genuine Preference Chest.

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is just a leetle leery about extremes. The Chanel Number 5 dress mentioned in the *Paris Fashions Letter* is perfectly divine for just the right person, but it is difficult to wear for most and leans definitely to the Diamond Lil type of thing.

Wanamaker, Saks, Bergdorf-Goodman, all of them have beautiful examples of what Chanel is doing with lace for evening this year. Mabel Eldridge, at 22 East Sixty-seventh Street, has a Chanel I have seen nowhere else—heavy tulle in American Beauty shade, with tucks an inch and a half apart swirling around the figure and carrying the dress, in a close sheath, to the knees. From there, lace to match descends to the ankles, and other lace edges the square neckline. A perfect dress, and typical of Chanel's best evening efforts this year.

One model that leaped at once into the Ford class (which doesn't matter, for the simplicity and rightness of it make you want it anyway) is Patou's Tomorrow, a heavy crêpe affair, molded, belted high, and trailing soft fullness on the ground. Frightfully smart young women are buying a Chanel day dress in marocain with a ragged, round piqué collar, a high belt, and extra cap-sleeves over the long tight ones. Whether the general public will also swarm around it remains to be seen.

THE Little Salon at Macy was the delightful discovery of a few people only a year ago, and now it is jammed with bronzed Southamptonites who have come to slum and remained to snatch originals and copies of French models out of one another's hands in that refined Park Avenue manner. It's turned into one of those smart shopping places, egad!

Before we go into the clothes question, it is well to mention that the Little Salon has done several clever things about underpinning for the new silhouette. You know how these new clothes are—you can't break, you can't roll, the middle part of you must be honey-smooth, and you may as well face the facts. Here, however, you have a chance to achieve unbroken lines without discomfort. There is one combination of a light silk popliny stuff that goes into a lace brassière at the top. It has garters, elastic strips at the sides, and is adorned further by two circular lace trifles at the hips and a chemise strap that give the effect of a combination. Very good-looking, and should wash beautifully. Another

Down at the *"Cavalier"* the sun's still in his studio, making golden gods and goddesses—freely giving the one cosmetic Fifth Avenue can't sell.

Make an appointment for 1 o'clock tomorrow, on the beach or the golf course. You can be there without hurrying. There'll be golf, swimming, archery, riding—all winter, and *"Cavalier" Cuisine* always. 12-hour through Pullmans, New York to the *"Cavalier"* grounds. Fine motor roads. By steamer from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Providence. Complete information and descriptive literature upon request.

C. V. DELAHUNT *Managing Director*

THE CAVALIER

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THE English Quality Biscuit is a small, crisp cake made of selected milk and eggs, orange blossom honey, blended flours, and a highly special pastry butter. Chocolate, cocoanut, maple or flavors of the choicest fruits enrich it. Often it is generously filled with a delicate custard or rich, light cream that melts in the mouth. It is a civilized delight that only generations of pastry baking traditions could evolve, a healthy confection to be found wherever a cup of tea, a cooling drink, a glass of milk between meals, or a frozen dessert is in order. It is a favorite at bridge parties, and at smart children's parties it never fails to appear.

Many Americans, of course, have gone to the expense of importing this incomparable dainty. But now this no longer is necessary. The curious English ovens, the traditional methods, the vitally important butter-making machines—all that insures the perfect baking of the English Quality Biscuit has been brought over and established in America by *The Weston Biscuit Corporation.*

You may buy *Weston's English Quality Biscuits—oven-fresh*—at your dealer's! You will, perhaps, like A Selected Assortment in attractive packages, at 45c, or you can buy the biscuits in any quantity desired, making your own choice from Weston's wide variety. And these Weston's Biscuits, just such dainties as decorate the "good-cheer" of tea-time England, *cost less than half the price* you would pay for the biscuits that have suffered the long voyage over and the expensive entry through the Customs House. The Weston Biscuit Corporation, New York, Boston, Toronto.

WESTON'S ENGLISH QUALITY BISCUITS

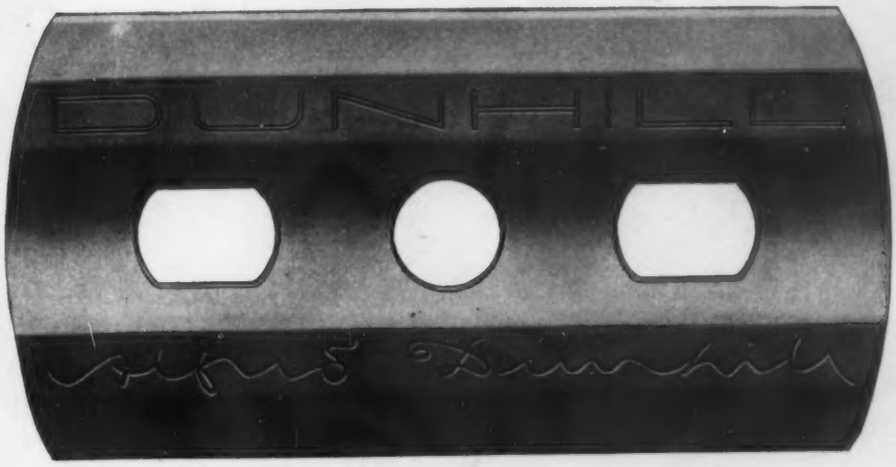
along the same lines has the foundation of double heavy silk jersey. They are also showing girdles that are two inches higher than formerly in the front, have two light bones above the tummy and, at the sides, are cut sharply downward. A strategic bone or two also does things about preventing your girdle from jutting out when you lean forward. All of these, naturally, should be carefully altered at the shop to fit you to a quarter-pound.

You can find excellent copies of the Chanel Number 5 evening dress and Patou's Tomorrow here at prices well under a hundred dollars. Also, look at a little lapin jacket lined with the same beige duvetyne that makes the simple skirt. . . . At a Régny black-and-white tweed dress on princesse lines with a black kid belt to apply wherever you want. . . . At Augusta-bernard's sleeveless wool dress with the very short jacket and scarf of piqué or ermine. . . . At an evening coat of brown and gold lamé with a huge collar of nutria-dyed lapin. This collar descends to the elbow on one side and huddles up around the neck on the other, and the wrap is further glorified by a circular ruffle of lamé around the bottom that ripples upward to the wrap-around closing at the natural waistline in front. Look at a Vionnet evening dress in white moire, very Victorian and immensely flattering, and at a Marcel Rochas evening frock of heavy velvet tying at the normal waistline in front. And you can go on for yourself from there. I advise getting up very early in the morning.

AT Altman, I beheld luscious bits from everywhere—some modestly priced at $29.50, some soaring toward the four-hundred mark—all of them showing every kind of modern trend.

In the soaring class, there are some exceptionally smart coats. There is one, for instance, of a dark bottle-green wool with a huge collar, cuffs of beaver, and a band of fur at least two feet deep around the hem, which dips slightly in back. There is, just to be jaunty, a football-game coat of simple dark-gray wool, with black and white and gray stripes going up the back and across the shoulder cape. This cape, which is West Point length, is also decorated with black fox that goes around the neck and down the sides of the cape to the elbow. A grand Vionnet copy in wool of any color has a shawl collar of black caracul and a narrow band of the fur around the

ALFRED DUNHILL *of London*



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The Dunhill Blade is based on blade principles proven correct by years of use in the old-fashioned razor—principles that are now—*for the first time*—improved upon, adapted and applied to the wonderful convenience and safety of the Gillette razor. Study the facts below—carefully!

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The Dunhill Blade is made of newly developed Swede-a-Chrome steel—an exclusive Dunhill feature. Its vital thickness is 2½ times that of the usual wafer blade. As a result we are enabled to give the edges *greater* hardness, *finer* tempering.

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The extra thickness of the Dunhill Blade permits a shaving edge *much deeper* than that of the usual wafer blade. This makes it possible to give the Dunhill Blade genuine *hollow-ground edges*—like the barber's old-fashioned razor.

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The center of the Dunhill Blade is *concaved on both sides!* As a result, the thinner center portion takes on the curve of the razor, while the thicker edges remain rigid—at the *correct shaving angle!*

Maroon Packet
3 BLADES FOR 50¢

ALFRED DUNHILL *of* LONDON invites you to try this extraordinary new razor blade—to experience a new shaving luxury. He invites you to prove, *by actual test and comparison*, that here is a blade that requires "less strokes to the shave" and gives "more shaves to the blade" than any other safety razor blade you have ever used. You can purchase the perfect new Dunhill Blades wherever razor blades are sold. Buy a packet today!

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7 BLADES FOR $1.00

"Less strokes to the shave ◆ More shaves to the blade"

Wrap of Black Russian Broadtail, Cape collar of Silver Fox

Wraps to Individual Measure of finest quality pelts.

FURS by GUNTHER

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bottom and up the front. Another superb Vionnet has a Persian-lamb collar so deep it almost reaches the waist in back, unless you crush it up. Fur also makes a deep band at the bottom and ascends to form the V overlapping far on the hip. It's one of those lavish coats, and beautifully done.

You may gather from all this that in cloth coats the cloth occurs only through the waistline and the top of the arm, where you need those long slender lines. This is very often true. There is, however, one sports coat, in a tweed with a very fine stripe, that has no fur at all. It is molded on princesse lines, with the stripes used horizontally in the godets and in decorative bands. Most of the tweed coats here (this one being a conspicuous exception) have large fur collars. There are yellow, green, blue, black, and white rough tweeds, with collars of nutria, caracul, natural lynx, and yellow-white squirrel (on a black-and-white tweed coat, and very good-looking, believe it or not). An exceptionally fine collection, though who am I to deliver final judgments? —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

October Linens—The Bremen Ashore—On Finger-Bowl Fish

HOUSEHOLD linens, I find, are not noticeably more inspiring in October than in any other month of the year. Nor do there seem to be many new ideas floating about the market. It's those October brides, I suppose, and all the returning householders getting down to business, that make the subject important at a time when I'd normally expect something cosier to be warming up the public enthusiasm—like nice woolly blankets and down puffs.

Nevertheless, if it's linens you want, one of the most important items the season has to offer for your calendar is the removal of Mosse, Inc., from 730 Fifth Avenue to No. 750, between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Streets. Linens here have always been what they should be, with a little unexpected quirk thrown in for good measure, and the new stock measures up nobly to old standards. Two cocktail-napkin sets have been added to the collection; there is a silk dinner cloth that will simply delight you, and they have a new bath

SO YOU'RE GOING TO THE GAME

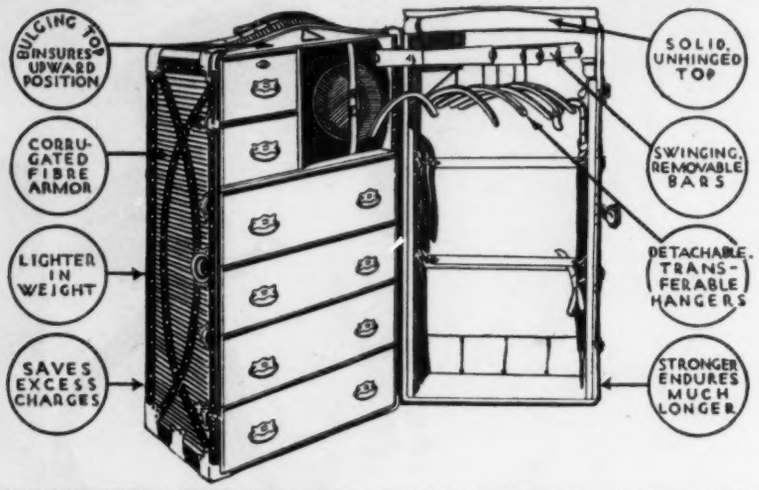
CHENEY CRAVATS

Made by
CHENEY BROTHERS

A necktie to fit in with the spirit of the occasion!

A feather in your hat, a pennant in your hand, if you will . . and a cravat, gay and festive in design, but *in good taste.*

Your haberdasher has Cheney Cravats in bright and spirited designs for bright and spirited occasions . . in sober hues and decorous patterns when you are on your dignity.



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ensemble in colors. These are notable among Mosse's more recent acquisitions.

There are two kinds of cocktail napkins: a set for golfers, with nineteenth-hole tragedies embroidered in the corners, and a set that should appeal to explorers—jungle scenes, wild-animal pictures, and such, all in colored embroidery. The latter in particular would doubtless win my heart entirely if I hadn't developed a sort of determined loyalty to my original love at this place—the set with authentic navy signal flags wigwagging a different flippant message on each napkin.

The silk dinner cloth is really too elegant for a complete description. Briefly, it alternates large, square, eighteen-inch blocks of pale green or deep pink crêpe with squares of dark écru net embroidered all over in a perfectly beautiful dogwood design. That's about as far as I can go without getting maudlin, although I might mention that it will be well to consider your nerves before buying. For instance, could you watch a plate of consommé being lowered toward a piece like this and not feel your hair turn gray? That's the test.

The bath ensemble is new both in design and in that it includes small linen hand towels carrying the same pattern as the mat and bath towels. All these, of course, with huge monograms in the Mosse manner, which is very grand. Suggestion: Order now and beat the Christmas rush. No fooling; I mean it.

ALL the shops, of course, are well stocked with bed and table linens in colors. McCutcheon has even gone in for a white cloth with scattered posies in pinks and blues. I have yet, however, to be convinced that this is more desirable than the regular damasks in color. Altman also does the colored-damask sort of thing awfully well. Lord & Taylor are marvellous for Belgian linens, modern filets, and the like. Linen houses in general are doing color and letting it go at that.

As for Macy, here is the story (there usually *is* a story): a leaf-pattern damask cloth with a broad panel in deep dull raspberry running down the centre; simply in a class by itself, and $54.50, with eight napkins. One elegant black-and-white cloth (really black and pale gray, what with the interweaving black threads) offers a chance for some happy customer to display her trick dishes; $29.50, one dozen napkins. Also at this bargain

price: an excellent plain cloth in every possible color, with border stripings in alternating dull and satin finish. And one remarkable white affair by the Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild, with nothing by way of pattern except satin borders—absolutely not a flower in sight. This costs $16.89. Napkins are extra.

Footnote: Ascher-Le Vin, at 500 Madison Avenue, have one of the handsomest pink damasks I have ever looked at. Their dinner cloths in this color are not a thing to be passed over by proud owners of Directoire dining-rooms.

ANOTHER of life's mysteries is why there should invariably be more new decorating and upholstery fabrics popping out in the spring—when nobody needs them anyway, except for slip covers—than in the fall, when everyone begins to run around in circles, looking for ideas. One of the few shops to show me anything constructive since last May or so is Stern, where they have conscientiously gone to work and copied several very good modern brocades and damasks from rooms on board the Bremen. These are new and exciting, and someone with an eye for color has hung them in company with compatible materials suggested for use in the same room.

MAYBE it would help a few frantic young hostesses if I were to make an announcement about those little fishes, frogs, and lizards that float in finger bowls. I mean they float about in finger bowls until scooped up by playful guests, quietly and with as little splashing as possible, into convenient pockets and handbags. The announcement is that you get them, legitimately, at The Three New Yorkers, 8 West Forty-seventh Street.

—B. B.

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THE WILL TO BELIEVE

IT has been said that a trip to Europe adds to the balance and perspective of the average American. By and large I look on this as a true statement provided one exception is made. I refer to the period taken up with ocean travel, for on shipboard any semblance of balance and perspective in the voyager's reaction to one important law—the Law of Probability—vanishes entirely. On an ocean liner people believe anything anybody tells them.

Lest I be accused of rash generali-

YOUR BEAUTY IS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

Says Elizabeth Arden

YOU may have others to blame for losing at Contract, for marrying beneath you, or missing the last train from town, but if a trace of the wear and tear of present-day living shows on your face, you have only yourself to blame. In this enlightened age there is no excuse for tired eyes and sagging skin. Elizabeth Arden has put her secret of beauty at your fingertips.

The modern woman must be as lovely as her loveliest gown, therefore it is only logical that she should consider the preservation of her beauty a prime essential. She no more neglects her skin than her teeth, knowing as she does, that a few minutes of judicious care daily are a necessity, not a luxury.

The beauty routine sponsored by Elizabeth Arden becomes a joyous affair as you watch the sallowness and lines melt away in a glow of youth. In addition to her Muscle-Strapping and Skin-Toning, Miss Arden advises her new Ardena Firming Treatments. The remarkable Vienna Youth Mask, brought to this country by Miss Arden, has been most amazingly successful as a *natural* method of rejuvenation.

For an appointment please telephone: Plaza 5843.

If you cannot conveniently come to the Salon for treatments, write for Miss Arden's booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which tells you exactly how to care for your skin at home according to the method which Miss Arden has personally perfected and made famous throughout the world.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at the smartest shops in all cities of the world

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NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

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The call of the great outdoors in the incomparable Alleghenies . . . the pure and delightful mountain ozone . . . the wonderful scenery . . . the three finest resort golf courses in America and the five championship tennis courts, with tournaments of national importance and famous players from all over the country . . . and then the 250 miles of mountain trails and bridle paths . . . the stables of fine blooded horses . . . the charming Casino . . . the Mosaic-tiled indoor swimming pool, fed by the waters of Alvon . . . the world-renowned White Sulphur waters . . . an estate of 7000 acres . . . delightful days and comfortable nights . . . everything that "America's Finest Resort" can offer, indoors and outdoors . . . these are the glory that is

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Here the true spirit of "Southern Hospitality" adds warmth to the welcome. Here the youth and beauty of the land, the captains of trade, finance and industry and the plain business man and his family comprise a glorified "house party" unequalled for charming social life and aristocratic democracy.

The Hydrotherapeutic and Bath establishment, perhaps the finest in America, with the complete Medical Department, insure the proper utilization of the natural health-giving resources for constructive upbuilding and rest for which White Sulphur has long been famous.

White Sulphur Springs, on the Main Line of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, is just overnight from New York and quickly and comfortably reached from everywhere, either by rail or motor.

Attractive Literature on Request

Reservations at the Plaza, New York

L. R. JOHNSTON
General Manager

zation I hereby append for the reader's benefit a partial list of the falsehoods that reached my ears during a recent ten-day crossing:

1. That the captain, commenting on the glasslike sea the first day out, had given it as his opinion that the sea would remain equally glasslike for the entire voyage. (The captain ventured no such opinion.)

2. That tickets for dining-room places would be distributed outside the lower dining-room at 11 A.M. on the first day. (They were given out inside the upper dining-room at 10 A.M. on the second day.)

3. That the bar would run out of beer three days before we landed. (This was a lie.)

4. That three hundred passengers were seasick on the fifth day out. (Not more than twenty passengers were seasick.)

5. That Richard Halliburton was on board our boat. (Richard Halliburton was not on board our boat.)

6. That an airplane had been sighted over us in the middle of the ocean. (Nobody on our boat sighted any airplanes in the middle of any ocean or over the middle of any ocean.)

7. That it was not necessary to have a French visa to go to France. (Which was wrong.)

8. That the captain, on the third day out, had remarked that he expected to see waves higher than our boat. (He had no such expectations.)

9. That we would arrive at Plymouth at noon on Sunday. (We arrived Sunday at 10 P.M.)

10. That we would arrive at Plymouth Monday morning. (See above.)

11. That we were about to run into a storm which had blown four lifeboats off the So-and-So two hours before. (Subsequent investigation disclosed the fact that the So-and-So was, at the time, in drydock for repairs.)

12. That on Stunt Night the dance orchestra would play until 1 A.M. (It played until 11:30 P.M.)

13. That our ship was to be quarantined at Plymouth for the bubonic plague, which had broken out on board. (Which was untrue.)

14. That several of our crew had mutinied and been put in chains. (Nobody was put in chains.)

And of these glibly promulgated and more glibly assimilated bits of misinformation I only contributed Numbers 13 and 14 as my share.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

The private office of John McBride, President of McBride Ticket Agency, Paramount Bldg. designed and decorated by Flint & Horner

Your office should be as individual as your signature!

BACK in the days when the first brougham whisked the business man to his office . . . when a quill pen and a shaker of drying powder were prime requisites for correspondence . . . interiors had a way of being forlorn and forbidding. Every office had its quota of discomforts or its appointments were not considered complete.

But in these times business and professional men have learned that a handsome office is no handicap to effort and accomplishment. On the contrary it brings out their best. Spacious, well designed desks may be elegant but they are efficient. Chairs can be good-looking and comfortable too! And so with all the accessories that enter into the planning of the modern office, good taste can go hand in hand with utility.

If beauty in furniture cost a fabulous fortune, there would be reason for banishing it. But no. It costs no more. And the executive who selects ugly furniture for his office has only himself to blame.

You can, of course, spend $1,000 for a single desk, but you can also achieve a handsome office for as modest a sum as $300. Flint & Horner have made a special study of modern office interiors. We have given over an entire floor to a series of model offices and installed a staff of trained decorators there. Let them study your individual needs and work with you to keep the solution within the limits of your budget.

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TABLES FOR TWO

The Genteel and Gay—Eulogy—With Much Love from Jimmy

WITH the opening of the social season, which formerly began when the first ringsider talked back to Texas Guinan, it would appear that the curse of prohibition and the menace of the talkies have not yet demolished the night-club business. Advance reports reveal principally that the old favorites are still in the night-club line, though your pet entertainer and club have been shuffled up in new combinations so that you will have to get around more.

TO begin with those genteel, yet gay, places that are such a special joy when you have a new evening gown and a perfect dancer as an escort:

The Club Lido will open October 11, with Libby Holman, the wah-wah singer of "The Little Show," as the main attraction. Apparently the management decided that well-dressed people need a touch of fundamental urge in their entertainment and, once having come to this conclusion, rushed to Miss Holman like homing pigeons. Moss and Fontana are returning here, and you know how grand they are. . . . Emil Coleman, who strayed from the fold for a short spell, is back at the Montmartre, supplying his usual faultless dancing rhythm to attractive people who love dancing so much that they appreciate him fully. . . . On the site of the old Heigh-Ho, the cradle of Vallée, a new Trocadero offers to its public a dinner and supper place with Chick Endor, that amiable singer of slightly confidential songs, and Rosita and Ramon, who do those burning-narrowed-eyes-and-set-teeth dances of the Latin countries. . . . The Villa Vallée, at 10 East Sixtieth, has a nice hard-and-fast contract with Rudy Vallée to return October 19, but in these days, when people make hard-and-fast contracts on two coasts at the same time, you can't absolutely depend on that. Meanwhile, a capable orchestra supplied by Emil Coleman is performing. . . . Barney's, which is dark, comfortable, genial, and intimate, has finished rivetting and was ready for

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A location favored by people of culture and refinement. Unfurnished apartments of 1 to 3 rooms, with or without hotel service... Terraces... Restaurant . . . Serving pantries. An address that connotes distinction.
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ROYAL YACHT
SAILING from MIAMI
★*The New Cruise Port in Tropical Waters —to Havana, Nassau and the West Indies.*
The supreme complement to your trip South this Winter—a cruise aboard the great Royal Yacht—beginning and ending in warm southern seas—saving whole days of cruise time by starting in the South . . .
THE MAGNIFICENT
TRIPLE SCREW—328-FOOT
ROYAL OCEAN YACHT "PRINCE OLAV"
formerly The ALEXANDRA
—Yacht of the British Royal Family
—One of the Largest Yachts Afloat.
Reservations now booking for the 20-Day Cruise, sailing from Miami, January 13th, for Nassau, Havana and West Indian ports. Other 13-day and 7-day cruises will depart from Miami during February, March and April.
The Royal Yacht, your hotel throughout each cruise, is limited to ninety guests—all outside rooms with bedsteads—unaltered Royal Suites —all rooms refrigerated—connecting suites for parties.
Imperial Cruises, Inc.
527 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Telephone: MURray Hill 2418—1618

Soliloquy of a Persian Lamb

"Ah, me! 'S no good moping, I s'pose. Might's well submit to this paring process. And it is thrilling, sort of, to realize that one is fulfilling one's destiny. After all, 's much more dignified to end up as a Mohawk rug than as an entrée, eh! Ouch!

"محض رضای خدا - اینقدر از بیخ نتراش"*

!!!!

* *For the benefit of those who've let their college Persian lapse, this means: "For Allah's sake, Shepherd, not quite such a close shave!"*

THIS touching—it took forebearance not to say "barberous"—incident in the life of a Mohawk raw material is typical. It happens every day, in fact, since it requires wool from the backs of six million selected sheep to keep the looms of Mohawk turning throughout the year. And they come, do these wools, from the four corners of the earth — popularly known as North, East, South and West.

MOHAWK RUGS & CARPETS

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SOLEIL OR FELT HATS
$6.75
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Yes, Mr. A. W. Simon gives you Personal Service in the Millinery Salon.
A size for every clever head.
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Just across from Hotel McAlpin
The Burby reproduction of the Agnes Hat in soleil . . . 6.75

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occupancy the first thing in October. Walter O'Keefe, having taken up Hollywood and wrapped it around his neck for the nonce, won't be master of ceremonies here this season, but Pewee Byers and his orchestra are functioning as usual; Eleanor Kern, the somewhat Continental chanteuse, is back home; the new attractions are Bob and Muriel Johnson, direct from the applause offered by London and Paris for songs of the sophisticated parlor type. However, if you are a Barney fan, you'd go there to see flea circuses.

NOW, as to this Central Park Casino. What that place has ever done to deserve a lovely little orchestra like Leo Reisman's beats me, with the world full of fine, hardworking, conscientious restaurants like Alice Foote MacDougall's that really rate a man like him. In an age chock-full of very good dance orchestras, he wows the world. Besides all of this, deaf mutes could watch the cuckoo piano player and the somewhat moonstruck Mr. Reisman himself and call it a rich evening's entertainment. Oh, for the pen of a Bolitho to eulogize that man! For his sake, I would even battle the moving-picture idea of de luxe service that prevails at the Casino at dinner-time; I would wait an hour for oysters and then get clams, but fortunately it is not necessary. For after the theatre is the time to drop into the Casino and dance in peace, if you are consulting me.

TEXAS GUINAN has apparently no intention of having a night club this year, because she gets picked on so by nassy policeman mans every time she does that life becomes just one early-morning session in court after another.

The Club Richman, despite that soul-searing fire, insists it will open October 20 with Frances Williams and maybe Harry Richman as originally planned. The Casanova's popularity will undoubtedly go on, disregarding my banishment of it as a dive, a dump, a hole, and a joint. It still draws the darnedest conglomeration of social lights, husbands turned out to graze, and Broadway celebrities, including major and minor racketeers. Fred Keating, the magician, still is the main attraction, partly because he is good and partly because he is the latest flutterer of female hearts around town. I can't tell you how the man irritates me. When you sit right there and hold the handkerchief and all, it makes you feel not quite bright to miss seeing the birdie disappear down the bass drum. Some-

time I am going to find me a magician who is really anxious and a little uncertain about where the torn playing card is, and I'm going to endow him. In the meantime, Keating is delightful when he isn't making you feel like a nitwit over his ease and aplomb. Bobbe Arnst, who has her following, was singing cute here at the time I write, but you never know where any singer is going to be from day to day, with Youmans doing so much casting and all.

THERE was a terrible sinking feeling in the pit of this department's stomach when it suddenly realized that maybe Clayton, Jackson, and Durante had gone Ziegfeld and wouldn't be around after the theatre at all. They get into your blood, those three, but it is too much to ask anyone to sit through "Show Girl" for tantalizing glimpses of them. Anyway, sick with apprehension, I added a wire to Mr. Durante's fan mail, and received the following reassuring message:

WE OPEN THE SAME JOINT OVER THE WINTER GARDEN, PANELS OF APHRODITE AND ALL, OCTOBER THIRD, AND ARE CALLING IT LES AMBASSADEURS STOP THE SIGN GOES UP AS SOON AS WE FIND OUT HOW TO SPELL IT BEST. JIMMY DURANTE

And that, my children, is why I have suddenly become my sunny self again.

—LIPSTICK

•

CITY BLOCK

Sycamore, cherry,
Ash and cypress;
Words whose pungence
Casts a spell
Over factories
Where fried fishcakes
In odorous profusion dwell,
Where baker's loaves
Wax moist and cloying,
Where glue and gas fumes
Battle hard.
Sycamore, cherry,
Ash and cypress,
Painted on a lumber yard.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

Beauty of all kinds, including cosmetics, facial treatments, care of the hair, cost American women $1,825,000,000 in 1927. —*Time.*

Billions for pretence and not one cent for tribute.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

THE unusual living refinements of 480 Park have *fully* answered the discriminating requirements of many of New York's representative families. Prominent home seekers have ended their search in this modern housekeeping apartment because here they found the dwelling place *they had always wanted.* There are still a few 7 to 14 room simplex or duplex apartments available.

Floor plans sent at your request.
Elevators now running.

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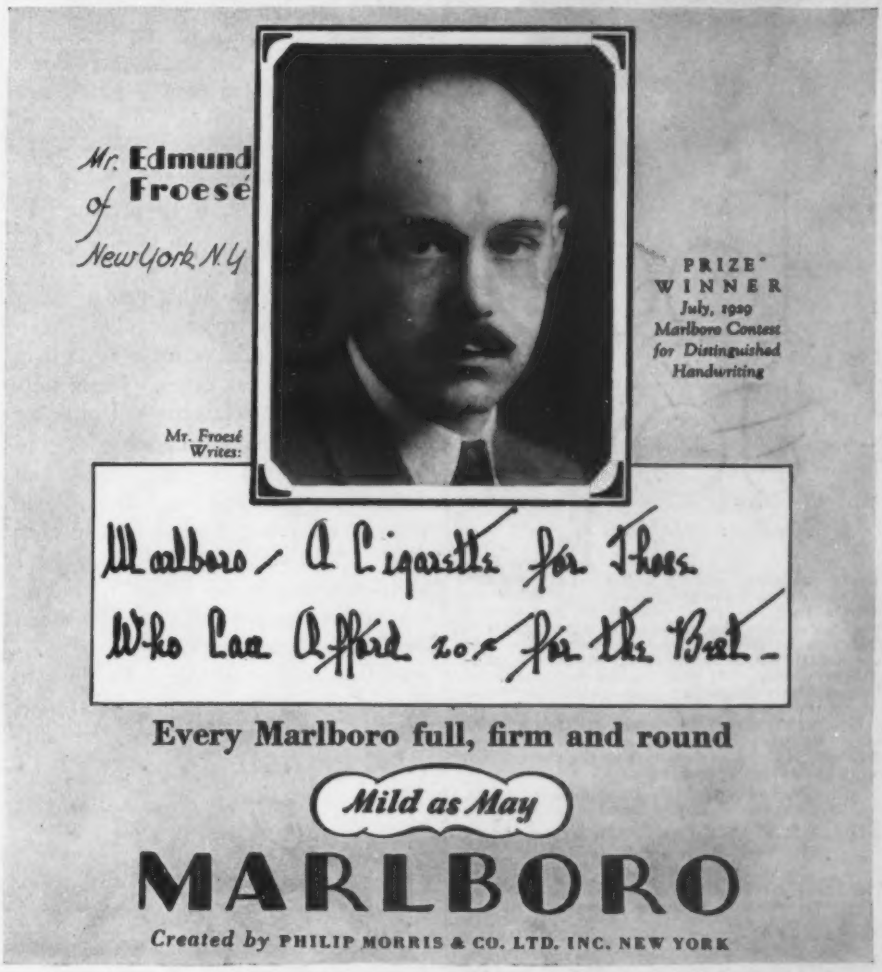

Every Marlboro full, firm and round

Mild as May

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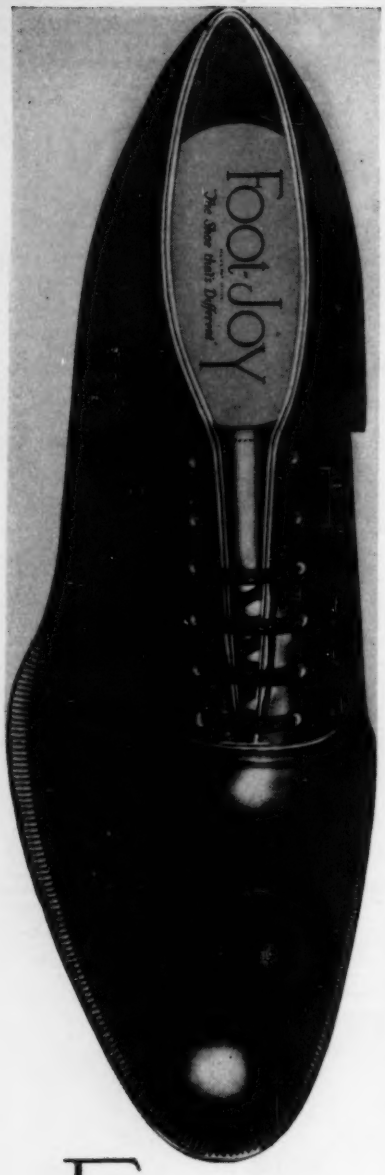

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Every nerve and muscle of the human walking mechanism, and the metatarsal arch, know the minute Foot-Joy Shoes are put on that here in truth is a shoe that's different. It's because of the correctly designed new and thoroughly modern Foot-Joy foundation. Every ounce of a man's weight which must rest on the bottom of his feet is firmly supported and evenly distributed inside the shoe from heel to toe.
Styled for all occasions—street, sport or evening wear—Foot-Joy Shoes are endorsed by smart dressers, athletes and doctors as the correct shoe for this cement age of ours.

Write for style book and details of Foot-Joy Week.

FIELD & FLINT CO. Brockton, Mass.
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The above statement is also true of Foot-Joy Shoes for Women. Write for information.

Name .....

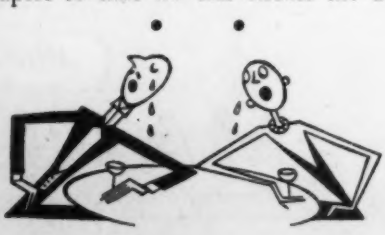
Address ..... NYX

SOC. 2B

"LET'S have it a little quiet now, please, and I'll give you fellows some idea of what you've let yourselves in for. Ha ha. I'm glad to see so many of you fellows signed up for this course because if there's one thing a freshman needs, it's a course in Sociology. If I were making out the curriculum every student would be required to take at least one course in Sociology because that's what every student needs.

"Now, this particular course is called 'The Problems of Contemporary Civilization' and in it we will attempt to solve the problems that modern civilization is confronted with. This is a Comprehensive Course. That means that this course is more comprehensive than most of your other freshmen courses, do you comprehend? Ha ha. You see the idea of this course is to give you freshmen a good general idea of what's going on in the world. So many students get out of college with a degree, or maybe two, and all they know is one thing. They're Specialists, like Mr. Chic Sale. Ha ha. They know how to be doctors or lawyers or bond salesmen—ha ha—and that's all they do know. But do they know what's going on in the world? No. Lots of them, and they're college graduates, mind you, lots of them don't even know how to read a newspaper intelligently. If any of you get out of this course at the end of the year without knowing how to read the newspapers intelligently, well—it won't be my fault, I promise you that.

"I DON'T know what you're going to get in your other classes, but this is one course in which we're going to keep up with the times. From now on every time the class meets I'm going to ask someone to tell me what he read in the papers that morning, so you all want to be prepared with at least one news item every time you come to class. And while you're about it, I want you to get the habit of reading a good newspaper and I don't mean the *Police Gazette* or the *Daily Pornographic*—ha ha—either. I'd like to have different ones reading different papers so that we can discuss the dif-



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For Immediate or
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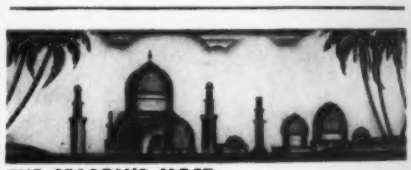
Same Management as the Plaza



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It's new—it comes in a tube—and every man who's tried it will tell you that "it's quite the thing to use." — They're talking about Squibb's Shaving Cream.

For men like the easy, thorough work Squibb's does. The razor simply skims through your beard. There's never a bite nor a sting—just smooth, cool comfort from start to finish.

And the clean-cut, spruced-up face that Squibb's gives you lasts all day long. A shave with Squibb's isn't just a shave—it's a tonic too.

Settle the whole shaving question by starting with Squibb's tomorrow. You'll find it at all drug stores. Priced at 40c.

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

ferent viewpoints. Some of you might read the *Times* and others the *Herald Tribune* and perhaps we'll even find somebody reading the Boston *Transcript* or the Boston *Herald*. You see, in that way we will be sure to get the different points of view and keep ourselves broad-minded.

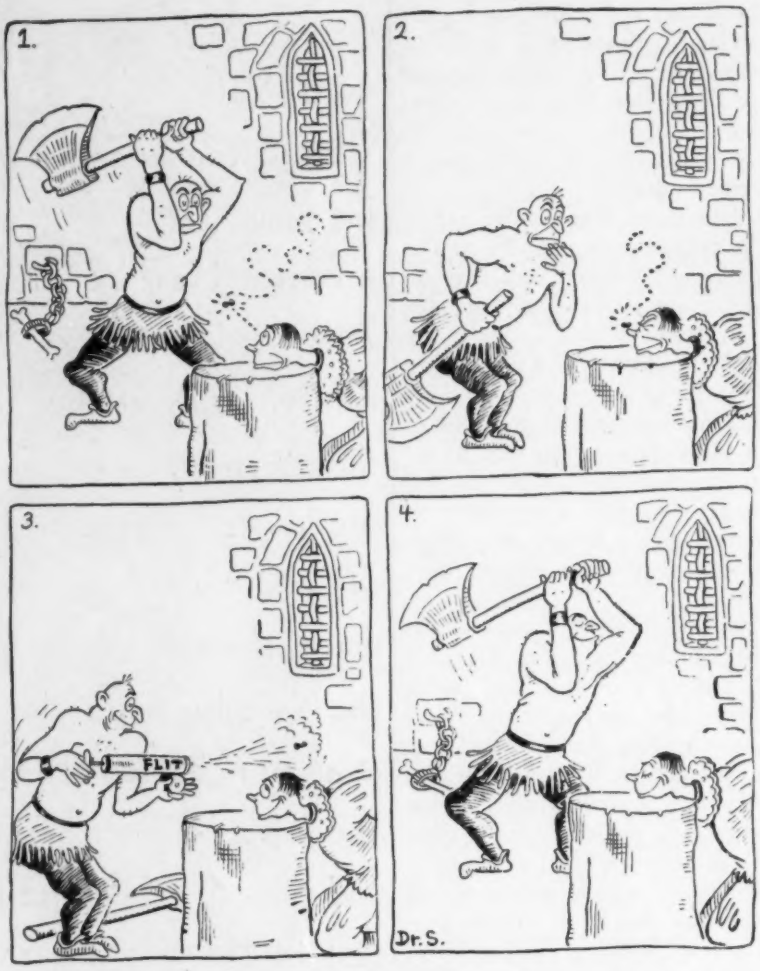
"If there's one thing we've got to avoid in as important a course as this one, it's being hidebound and narrow-minded. Now I'm as liberal-minded as the next fellow and I don't care who knows it. Of course I don't mean I'm a socialist or a pacifist or anything like that, but I mean I've got a lot of modern ideas about things that would shock your grandmother out of her bustle. Ha ha. I'm a firm believer in evolution and I intend to teach it to you fellows, just in a general way, of course.

"I know that some of you fellows must be thinking that I'm sort of a radical, talking this way, but you're not in prep school any longer and you've got to start getting used to new ideas. Sooner or later you'll come to realize that professors nowadays aren't what they used to be. At least some of them aren't. You know when I went to college—oh yes, I was a student myself once—ha ha—you know all the professors affected Vandykes and an air of being superior to the mundane affairs of this world. You used to see them walking around the campus with their noses hidden between book covers. That's where those old jokes about the absent-minded professor came from. But I want to tell you that nowadays the professor has got to keep right up

ONCE two Yale boys started the evening of a big game at a current New York revue. Afterwards, they met two girls at the stage door who said they were strangers in the city, but would like some Ice Cream. This the Yale boys purchased at a gay night club. The girls asked for more . . . and more and for the rest of the evening they alternately ate Vanilla Chocolate and Strawberry The Yale boys discovered these girls knew their way around . . . for each time they demanded **Breyers**

Eat Breyers all-ways
ICE CREAM

More than 3,000,000 people—in 7 states—insist on Breyers Ice Cream every day. They know it is as pure, delicious and wholesome as ice cream can be made.



Consideration

Advertisement

with the times or he gets left behind. Today, I'm glad to say, you would have a mighty hard time trying to pick out a college professor from a group of Wall Street brokers or even Washington statesmen.

"UH—nowa—let's see, where was I? Oh yes, I started out to tell you something about the course, didn't I? I see by my notebook that the first subject we are going to concern ourselves with comes under the general heading of Philosophy and takes up the Nature of the Personal Identity. For the purpose of this course the topic will be known as 'Who Am I?' For next time I want you all to go to the library and on the Sociology reference shelf you will find a book entitled 'Speculations on the Identity of the Individual,' by Professor Snowdown. You are to copy into your notebook pages seven fifty-six to seven seventy-three and hand in your notebooks to be marked, and in addition I will require each one of you to be able to present to me orally one Big Thought which you have gotten from your reading of those pages.

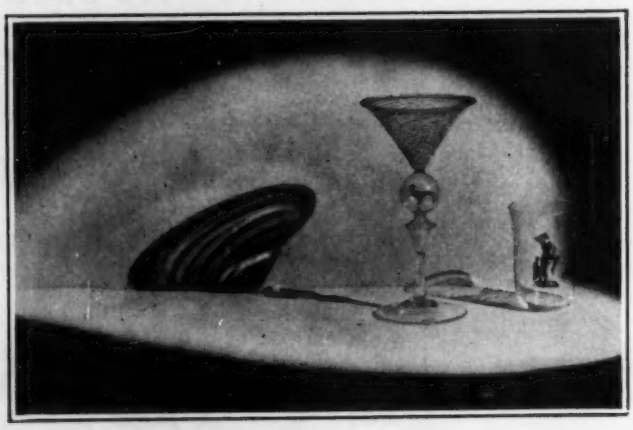
"Now perhaps I'd better arrange the seating alphabetically. Abbott, take this seat in the lower right-hand corner. Next, Abramovitch—oh, the bell. Well, I'll try to arrange the seating next time. Class dismissed."

—HAROLD BERGMAN

•

SECRETARY to president of important corporation, a young woman of culture, refinement and personality; above all she must have a thorough command of English, a grammarian and a good speller; she should have good antecedents and breeding, an education equal to second year college, be well read and well versed in and conversant with generally important matters and capable of meeting people of importance both commercially and socially; the position is one of trust and confidence and demands dignity, poise, and diplomacy; she should be alert, keen, discriminating, discerning, intelligent, discreet, prudent, circumspect, loyal, reliable, prompt, precise, incisive and trustworthy and she should take an eager and spontaneous interest in her position: the work is in agreeable surroundings; salary $50. —*Adv. in the Times.*

Now tell us about yourself.



For cocktail or highball . . .

Each has a bubble blown in the stem
To show the Hunt in miniature.

Or sturdy stemless cocktail and highball glasses
With gay little paintings on the crystal.

$35 and $30 the dozen.

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1 Just drop bread into the toaster slot... push down the levers . . . toasting starts automatically
2 Read, leave the room —you needn't watch the toaster. Toasting is done in enclosed oven—both sides at once.
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Have You Seen The *NEW* TOASTMASTER? Please Do!

Now Finished In Gleaming Chromium . . . to Banish Forever All Tarnish and Discoloration!

The World's Most Completely AUTOMATIC Toaster

TODAY, at no advance in price, you are offered the *new* chromium plate Toastmaster. To give you the finest mirror-like, permanent finish possible; on the most completely automatic toaster you can buy.

All you do is set a lever at the kind of toast you want, drop in a slice of bread—and that's all. Next thing, a *Pop!* and the toast is done, just the way you want it, and automatically discharged.

You don't *turn* the bread. And thus needn't *watch* the Toastmaster. You don't *think* about it. It does the whole job; toasts both sides at once; *automatically* discharges the toast and turns off the current when done. Gives you toast moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside . . . all the flavor is *sealed in.*

No other toaster made will do all that it does. At the rate of a slice a minute! Do you wonder, then, that this unique automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less modern toasters in thousands of homes, the last 3 years?

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Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster "like" the Toastmaster. No other toaster that does what the Toastmaster does. When you buy a toaster, for yourself or for giving, in justice to yourself, *demand* a demonstration of the Toastmaster.

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You Don't TURN the Toast or Watch It

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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

"Shoot baas!"

When an angry elephant is thundering towards you and only scant yards separate you, there is no time to doubt your rifle or ammunition. Perfect confidence alone can save you from being crushed like an eggshell under the maddened pile-driving feet . . .

And when you are creeping through the alders here at home and the elusive woodcock flashes momentarily from the undergrowth, again there must be no doubt in your mind. The triple trust, among man, gun and dog, is one of the finer feelings that sport gives.

In our Gun Room are some of the best examples of the gunsmith's art that the world has produced and is producing. We have guns for every kind of shooting—guns you can trust with your life. Come in and chat with us. We will gladly talk to you about guns and ammunition.

Write for Gun Catalog

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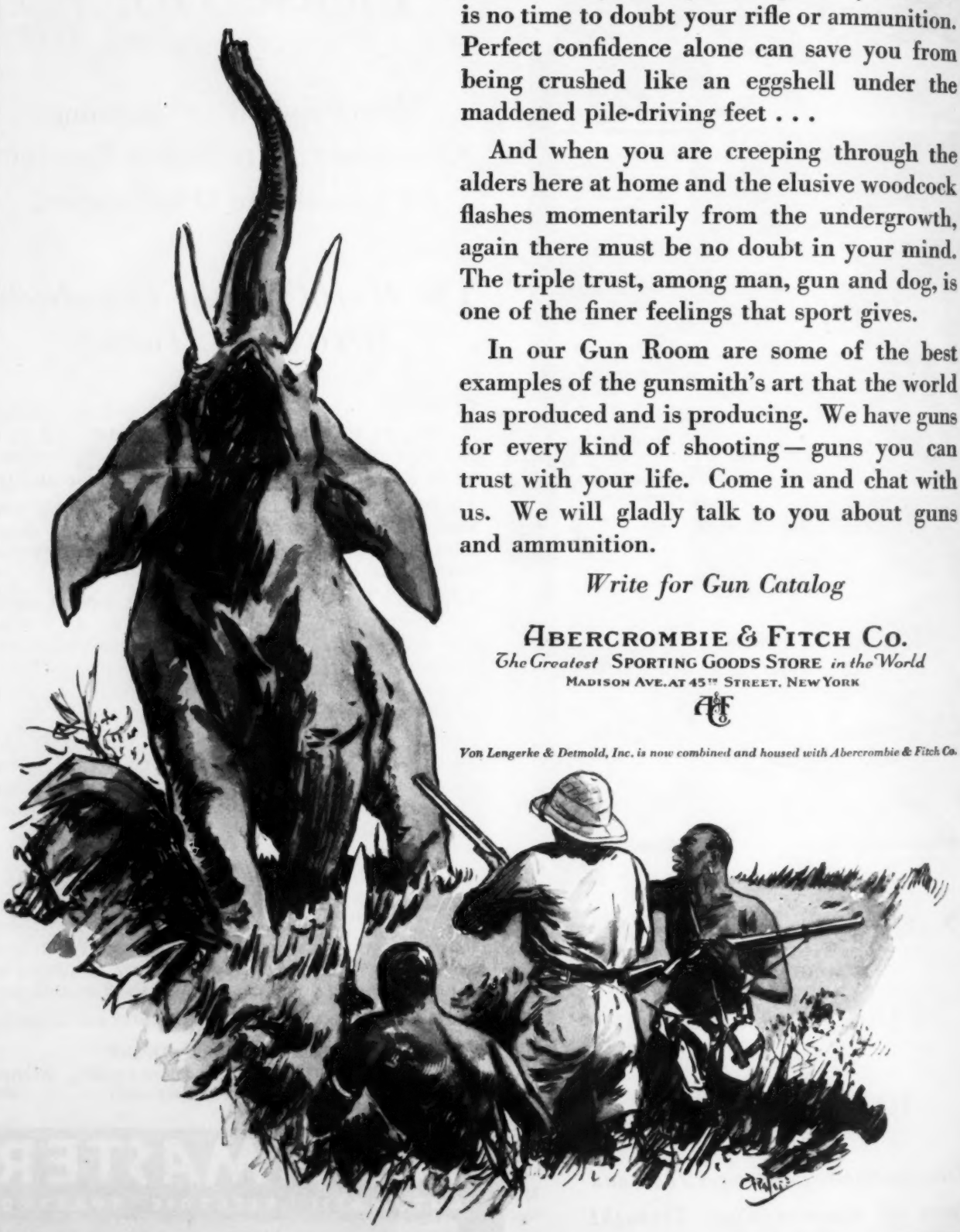


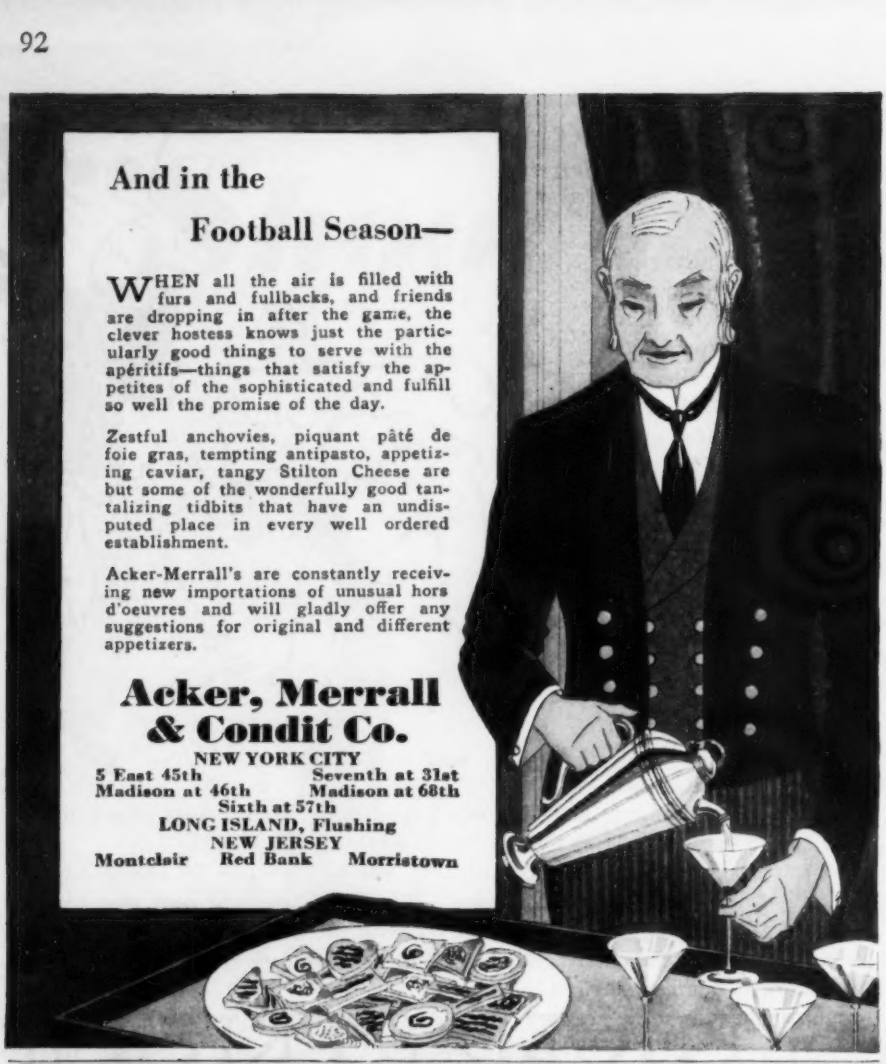
BOXING

High Explosion—In Sharkey's Corner—
Campolo After Lunch—The New School

WHEN Sharkey stepped past a counter and swung his right against Loughran's head, and Loughran with an expression of weary amazement fell down backward, kicking up his legs, the scene appeared more satisfactory and conclusive than it really was. The fight ended too soon, and, as a few Loughran sympathizers tried vainly to maintain later in the evening, that punch need not have landed then —might never have landed. In spite of the odds against him, far greater than the ringside betting of five to six indicated, Loughran might with luck have kept out of trouble till the last bell. He was a little fat, but not enough to slow him down appreciably; before the first round was over his left had put a red patch under Sharkey's cheekbone. For a second after he got to his feet following the knockdown it seemed possible he would let go of the rope he was holding and manage to stall his way back to consciousness. Most referees wouldn't have been quick enough to see that he was paralyzed.

After all, Loughran was counting on the breaks. Or rather he was counting on there being no breaks, and that his own easy, graceful way of counter-fighting would ward off Sharkey's nervous ferocity. Both had gone on record saying they would knock the other out. Certainly Loughran brought his confidence into the ring. It was interesting to compare him with Sharkey in the moments before they were called out for instructions. Loughran, relaxed and comfortable on his stool, leaned sideways to chat with a friend. Sharkey was flexing his muscles and scowling. He refused to look at Loughran, and with his bathrobe pulled tight over his shoulders stared out at the crowd as though his opponent were not the quiet chap behind him but some ominous presence out there in the darkness. After the knockout his tension exploded fantastically, just as it did when he burst out crying after the Maloney fight, and staggered around the ring gesticulating when he had knocked out Delaney. One minute he looked as if he wanted to hit Magnolia for keeping him away, then he was shouting something, then hugging his handlers, then trying to hug Loughran.

Sharkey got out of the stadium as quickly as he could and met his wife downtown. Young Mrs. Cuccoskay does not go to his fights or listen on the radio; he usually phones her as soon as he leaves the ring. Last week he didn't phone but let himself into his apartment without warning; people who were with him record that his introduction was: "Honey, I'm sorry it happened." After he had cleared that up he took his crowd round to the Cotton Club. Meanwhile Loughran sat and heard his friends fight the third round over for him in Francis Albertanti's office in the Garden and from there moved across to Dunn's Golf School, where he played round the putting course with his manager and Ned Brown. He was dragging his right leg and said the knee felt stiff; sometimes he touched the spot on his left temple where Sharkey's punch landed. After he had gone home someone on Broadway started the rumor that he had become unconscious again and was dying of concussion of the brain. Friends called him up and listened with relief to his drowsy



And in the Football Season—

WHEN all the air is filled with furs and fullbacks, and friends are dropping in after the game, the clever hostess knows just the particularly good things to serve with the apéritifs—things that satisfy the appetites of the sophisticated and fulfill so well the promise of the day.

Zestful anchovies, piquant pâté de foie gras, tempting antipasto, appetizing caviar, tangy Stilton Cheese are but some of the wonderfully good tantalizing tidbits that have an undisputed place in every well ordered establishment.

Acker-Merrall's are constantly receiving new importations of unusual hors d'oeuvres and will gladly offer any suggestions for original and different appetizers.

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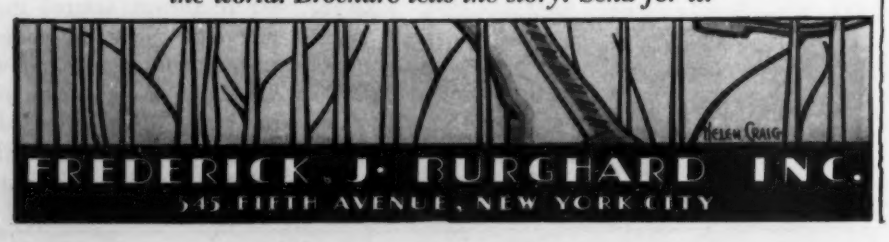
DECOYS and DUCKS and TIRED BUSINESS MEN

Duck shooting is a real sport for the T B M—that is, if you go to where ducks are. The Sportsmens Service Bureau locates the good spots in advance, helps you to outfit correctly, arranges all details of the trip, including transportation. All you have to do is to get into the blind and put yourself in a receptive attitude.

The Bureau arranges "all expense trips" for hunting and fishing all over the world. Brochure tells the story. Send for it.



denials. "No, but I have the hell of a headache."

WHAT bearing all this has on the situation in the heavyweight division is hard to say. Sharkey is now the outstanding contender, which, as far as I know, is what he was before. Max Schmeling, of course, was also the outstanding contender, but Schmeling was too ambitious and had too many friends to be a good business associate for the promoters interested in him. He has enough lawsuits on his hands now to keep him out of the ring until he is as old as Mike McTigue, if he insists on wrangling them out. Undoubtedly a redistribution of promises will settle them soon enough for the German to be brought back here to fight Sharkey either in Miami this winter or in a ballpark next spring. The winner of the fight will then be considered the logical contender.

ANYONE who had watched Humbert Fugazy's patient efforts to build Campolo into an attraction must have felt sympathy when those efforts were nullified by Phil Scott at Ebbets Field. It was a sensationally dull fight, but Mr. Fugazy's strategies in behalf of Campolo had been far from dull. For instance, Fugazy had taken Campolo up to Orangeburg, and got him a house next Sharkey's. William Carey, president of the Garden, had made it easy for anyone who wanted to get a look at Sharkey, and it was only natural to suppose that while people were on the neighboring premises they might stroll over out of curiosity and take a

look at Campolo. One day Carey came up himself and, seeing Fugazy on the lawn, invited him over for lunch. After lunch the two promoters watched Sharkey work out and Mr. Fugazy suggested that they have Campolo come over. It is Campolo's habit to take a siesta after meals; he was sleeping soundly when they woke him to work out for the crowd. In the ring he was sleepy and awkward. He is as tall as Jess Willard, but his boxing is terrible.

IT was odd seeing Tom Heeney, as a preliminary fighter on the Loughran-Sharkey card, climbing into the same ring where he fought Tunney a year ago. I was glad he got the decision, but without being quite sure that he had earned it. His opponent, George Hoffman, ought to make a lot of money. He is the product of the kind of amateur training that boxers never used to get in the days when they had to pick up the rudiments of their profession in poolrooms and never knew what it was like to be in a real ring until they filled in against some set-up. Hoffman is used to big crowds. He worked in front of plenty of them in the *Daily News*' Golden Gloves Tournament. Fighters developing from the amateur tournaments make up a new generation with ideas of their own that are different from the ideas of the old maulers. They work hard, stay sober, are likable and dependable. They don't carouse through a town throwing handfuls of silver currency to the children and bums following them, as John L. Sullivan is said to have done; their way of using silver is more that of the elder Rockefeller. They seldom become champions. —N. B., Jr.

•

SHY HEART

Shy heart, shy heart
Daphne had.
Up from the gold sea,
Bold and bad,
Apollo came a-swaggering,
A gay sea-rover,
As brave a man as any lass
Could wish for a lover.

Dashing, debonair,
The bright god took
A look at Daphne . . .
And another look . . .
And muttered all night,
By the dark sea-whirl,
At Daphne in the laurel tree—
"Damn a good girl!"

—Frances M. Frost

Carr Kitson reports

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A Sensational Melodrama that's Different
SCOTLAND YARD
by Dennison Clift
with Paul Cavanaugh—Phoebe Foster

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ELSIE FERGUSON
in a melodrama in 3 acts
SCARLET PAGES
by Samuel Shipman & John B. Hymer
with Claire Luce—Lee Baker—Robert Williams

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THE GREAT LONDON SUCCESS
MURDER *on the* SECOND FLOOR
by FRANK VOSPER
Staged by William Mollison
with Laurence Oliver—Phyllis Konstam George Probert

The Great and Thrill Romance Picture of the Year!
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JACK HOLT RALPH GRAVES LILA LEE
COLUMBIA'S ALL-TALKING SENSATIONAL HIT!
GEO. M. COHAN THEATRE B'way & 43rd St.
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350 SEATS AT $1 — POP. MATS. WED. & SAT.
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CAST of 100 incl. TRIXIE FRIGANZA JIMMIE SAVO ROY ATWELL

ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents
"THE COMMODORE MARRIES" A Comedy Drama by Kate Parsons
with WALTER HUSTON
PLYMOUTH Thea. W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

44th St. Theatre, W. 44 St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
EARL CARROLL'S New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR
"SKETCH BOOK"
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LEWIS E. GENSLER presents
See Naples And Die
An Extravagant Comedy by ELMER RICE
with *Claudette Colbert* *Roger Pryor*
Pedro de Cordoba *Beatrice Herford*
VANDERBILT Th., 48, E. B'way EVES. at 8:50
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:50

LIBERTY THEATRE W. 42 St.
SUBWAY EXPRESS
EVES. 8:50
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Main Line — No Blue Ribbons — Outlaws and Retirements—Success

THE dead leaves of autumn grace the birth of a new hunting season, and nowhere is this more clearly seen than at the Bryn Mawr Horse and Hound Show, which takes place every year just as cubbing again becomes feasible. This show is off the beaten track, and does not cater to big stables or professionals; it is rather a Main Line affair, with three-quarters of its attendance drawn from local hunting circles, and the rest from a Virginia which, in view of the general casual atmosphere, does not seem so far removed. Once again is heard the softly modulated, neatly chosen curse as the pickets sag or the snake fence cascades in the wake of a dashing performance.

It is mostly a hunter show, held in a community which boasts eight recognized packs within a country scarcely thirty miles square. The committee does not hesitate to put three long and somewhat monotonous green hunter classes in a row, for from such come their future mounts. There are a few saddle horses, feverishly followed by a small but ardent southern coterie; a few harness horses; a number of the very excellent children's ponies such as are found only in a hunting community. Here are well-bred ponies like miniature hunters, ridden by children who can and do show the way to older people in the field.

THE hound show which goes on in connection with the horse affair is responsible for the very British atmosphere that prevails. Pink coats carefully chaperon groups of hounds—American, half-bred, and English—up and down the polo field. Ruddy-faced, hard-bitten hunting men and women, whose names are bywords in two countries, stand knowingly by, appraising the various packs. The chasm between the devotees of American and English hounds is not bridged here either; they each rouse fierce and aggressive loyalty in the breasts of their admirers, scorn and depreciation in those of their foes. Mrs. Dean Bedford brought

THEATRE MASQUE 45th Street, West of B'way. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
The Perfect Thriller!
ROPE'S END
(Produced in London as "Rope")
ENGLISH CAST includes ERNEST MILTON

ETHEL BARRYMORE Thea., 47th, W. of B'way Chick. 9944. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.
JOHN DRINKWATER'S Comedy
BIRD IN HAND
Original English Cast Over a Year in London
7th BIG MONTH IN NEW YORK

SHUBERT Thea., 44th, W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. (Pop.) & Sat. 2:30
GUY ROBERTSON QUEENIE SMITH
the Musical Comedy Sensation
"The Street Singer"
ANDREW TOMBES

ARCH. SELWYN and CHAS. B. COCHRAN
(*By arrangement with Leon M. Lion*) present
Many Waters
A new comedy by MONCKTON HOFFE
with ERNEST TRUEX and MARDE VANNE
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Thea. W. 39 St.
Evs. at 8:50. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Evs. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40
DAVID BELASCO presents
"*It's a Wise Child*"
"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND *Evs. Telegram*
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION
THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE
LAST WEEK
GUILD Thea., W. 52d. Evs. 8:50 Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO WEST 42d ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.
10th EDITION
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS
ALL NEW — ALL NEW

HUDSON Theatre, West 44th Street. Evs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
Only Colored Musical Smash!
CONNIE'S—"AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'"
HOT CHOCOLATES
MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY THURSDAY

48th ST. Thea., E. of B'way. Evs. 8:50. Matinees. WED. and SAT., 2:40.
"*Remote Control*"!
NOVEL RADIO MYSTERY PLAY

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Oct. 5, 6, 7: All talking, singing "The DANCE OF LIFE"; Oct. 8, 9: All talking: "MASQUERADE" with Leila Hyams; Oct. 10, 11: All talking: "Girl in the Show" with Bessie Love; Oct. 12, 13, 14: Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond".
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WITH A VELVET VOICE!

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FOLLOW THRU
"Themostcheerfulofseason'smusicshows."—*Her.-Trib.*
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NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
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STAR OF BENGAL
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GILBERT MILLER presents
OTIS SKINNER IN
A Hundred Years Old
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
JOURNEY'S END
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

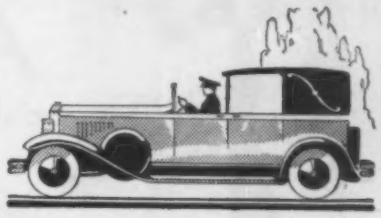
AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50
Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:30
Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
New Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
"The sauciest thing that has brightened Broadway this season"
—*Percy Hammond Herald-Tribune*

Pemberton beagles down from Long Island to meet some stiff competition in this division; and in between classes found time to ride horses for friends.

THE army brought some horses to Bryn Mawr, but found the blue ribbons unusually elusive. Dick Waring went clean in three or four classes but always was put down to second. This sort of show, with so much emphasis on green classes and good-looking fresh young horses, exposes the team's need for about ten new horses of that type. They aren't, however, to be snatched out of the air, and the government shows no signs of supplying them. The judges at Bryn Mawr were not noticeably lenient to the army horses; Proctor in particular could not please, no matter how well he went, as they said he was "too old."

ROY JACKSON, the new master of the Radnor hounds, who steps into the place of Horace Hare, seems to be carrying his responsibilities lightly. He was wandering round at the show looking as though the menace of a well-established outlaw pack in his neighborhood held no terrors for him at all. It seems he is introducing a jumping régime, which will come as a considerable shock to some of the staunch Radnorites who have been with hounds for twenty years and never jumped a full fence. A quantity of small but sturdy panels have been put around, and are most disconcerting to large numbers of those who thought they knew the country.

NEARER home, Goldens Bridge is also undergoing a change;



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And the reason is the
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where 2nd Ave. meets Houston St.
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NEW LAFFS THRILLS TUNES EVERY MONDAY
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"The Paris of the Follies-Bergère has nothing on the New York of the National Winter Garden."—Robert Garland.

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:50
Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
STREET SCENE

"Worth Seeing—Gives Genuine Thrills;"
GARLAND, *Telegram.*
LEW CANTOR presents
"SOLDIERS and WOMEN"
with VIOLET HEMING and A. E. ANSON
RITZ W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

JOHN GOLDEN presents FRANCINE
Larrimore
in Let Us Be Gay By RACHEL CROTHERS
LITTLE Theatre Evenings 8:50.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

NEW AMSTERDAM "The House Beautiful."
MATS. WED. & SAT.
West 42 St. Erlanger, Dillingham, Ziegfeld, Mg. Dir.
ZIEGFELD Laughing Sensation
EDDIE CANTOR
in "WHOOPEE"
458 SEATS AT $1.00

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NIGHTS 8:20. COOLED BY REFRIGERATED AIR
HALF PRICE MATINEES THURS. & SAT.
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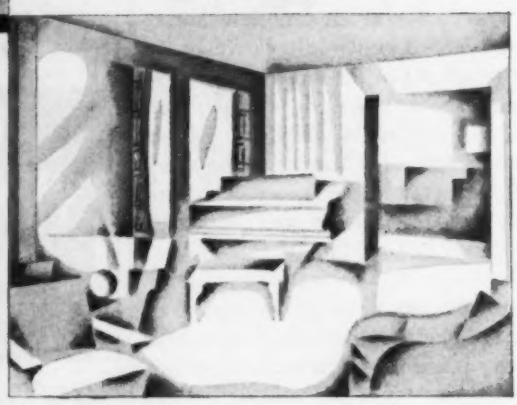

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By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
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(This is not a Correspondence Course)

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BRIDGE STUDIOS
Ladies and gentlemen are cordially invited to join the afternoon tea bridges or evening games of auction or contract bridge. Also studios for private or class instruction in auction or contract.
157 West 57th St. Circle 5813

Mr. Joseph Wilshire, having settled all questions of the legitimacy of his pack, and having put it on a firm footing, has now retired and handed over the acting mastership to Langhorne Gibson, who hunts actively and frequently. A meet over there looks somewhat like the paddock in Belmont Park, as so many people are fitting their horses for the Columbus Day meet at Gibson's. It seems too bad that this meeting conflicts with Millbrook, thus preventing both from having the large number of entries geographically possible.

CHARLIE CUSHMAN realized an ambition the other day when he won a post-and-rail race with Hackenthorpe. He and Norton, the trainer, have claimed for years that Hackenthorpe is a great timber horse, but somehow Hackenthorpe was always falling down at the crucial moment, and finally hurt himself so that a long rest was essential. Well, he recovered from that in fine shape, and won the big race at Wissahickon Farms. It remains to be seen how consistent he is; but he must be able to run and jump, for he met and defeated the ill-fated Reel Foot there.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

BLUEBEARD

I was the victim of publicity,
The gay Lothario of crime—
Collecting wives my eccentricity,
A modest chap, who never craved the lime.
When I was through I hung them up in rows.
I was a wow—what though my beard was blue?
I set the style in whiskered indigos;
The modish maid preferred no other hue.
My last, Fatima, monkeyed with the key;
My lurid past she bared for all to scan.
After? I posed for Tintex recently—
And mail comes for "the Maxfield Parrish man."

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

"The woman who crosses her legs is flirting with all kinds of nervous ailments"—*Dr. H. Freyette in the Home Friend Magazine.*

And, if she's lucky, with ship-news photographers.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

HERE'S HOW!

a single pressure .... and that's all!

Aha!
That's why they sell, sir!
No wheels to spin!
No tricks to learn!
No smudges to clean!
Just press,
And it's lit!
You can't ask more than that!

THE One-finger Ronson Automatic Movement is the secret. Mechanically perfect and perfectly mechanical—its action is always the same, always produces the same result. A flip and it's lit—Release and it's out. *Just as sure as shootin'!*

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THE PERFECT LIGHTER IN THE PERFECT CASE

Made in seven sizes for pocket, desk and table, and in an endless variety of styles and finishes for every price and occasion. $5 and up at jewelry, tobacco, drug, haberdashery, specialty and department stores.

You who are young—
Your Road to Beauty is so Easy!

In your Teens . .

WHEN there is youth, there is beauty. Even though the beauty be hidden, it can quickly be revealed.

Even when the features are far from perfect, a dazzling complexion will make up for all deficiencies. No young woman with a perfect complexion could possibly be called plain.

With Youth and a glorious complexion, one may conquer one's world. And it is so simple to acquire a glorious complexion!

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HAUNTED

FROM the beginning of August until the end of November it is better not to be seen around London. That is, during this season of the year it is thought better of to be seen elsewhere—off somewhere shooting something, or hunting or fishing for something, or sunning on some distant beach.

Now, when one considers that one must practically grow one's birds or foxes or fishes in the British Isles before one has the right to shoot or hunt or hook them, one can imagine how a person like myself, who owns virtually nothing, feels at this time of year.

I don't know what I would have done this year, therefore, had not a kind friend who was travelling offered me her old Tudor cottage in Sussex. Well, everything is for the best, especially when a cottage turns out to be thatched, with worm-eaten timberwork inside and outside, and with casement windows, rose arbors, a tennis court, and even a ghost.

"I do hope you won't be lonely down there," my kind friend said. "I say, would you like my cousin Cyril to look in for occasional weekends? He might fetch along his fiancée—she's the Honourable Sybil Salt, you know."

"Oh," I said. "Thank you so much."

I HAD agreeable visions of the cousin Cyril and the Honourable Sybil breezing in some Saturday and off again Sunday evening or Monday morning. So when, weeks later, on a certain Thursday morning, Cyril rang up and asked if they might run down for that weekend I was fairly wild with delight.

That same afternoon, when in the garden, I was startled by a cheery "What ho?" It was Cyril.

"Sybil's at the front door. Jolly nice of you to have us, really."

"Oh," I said.

Wasn't it *Thursday?*

The Honourable Sybil turned out to be a lean blonde with sharp gray eyes and one of those smiles the shameless photographers capture on the face of a bride leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with the new husband on the arm.

"I hope you don't mind if I run right up," she said at once after her "Howdyeda?" "I want to do a bit of work before tea."

"Work?" I said to Cyril.

"On her treatise," he replied.

"Oh," I said.

"It's on beetles, you know. Deathwatch beetles, to be exact. That's why Sybil adores these old houses. They're alive with them really."

"I haven't seen any beetles here."

"Oh, you wouldn't. I say, shall I sing you some Elizabethan songs?"

"Oh, do," I said.

About ten o'clock I had a glimmer of hope for some three-handed bridge or something, for Sybil came down from her work. But what was she looking at? At the timbered ceiling? What an expression—rapacious—no—fierce—no—rapt—

"Do you see a beetle on my ceiling?" I said.

"Those old beams," gloated the strange girl, "will fall to pieces in a year or two."

Well, Sybil wasn't my idea of a perfect weekend guest. I agreed with myself on that. Cyril was nicer, even with the Elizabethan songs. Oh, well. Midnight. Time for bed and time for the ghost! There—tap-tap-tap—it was now, in my bedroom.

I must say here that it had taken me some time to get used to the ghost, but as the days had passed and nothing untoward had come of it, I had really become glad of its company. I never saw anything, but the tapping was company in its way. Did weekends that began on Thursday end on Saturdays or Sundays? Tap-tap-tap. I dozed off to a rhythm like an anvil chorus. Suddenly I woke. Did I, or did I not, see a white shape flit out of my half-open door?

THE weekend continued without a hitch all through Monday. My

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word, how that weekend did hang on! I rarely saw the Honourable Sybil except at meals. I sat up, though, till three Tuesday morning trying to evolve some plan of bringing it to a scientific end. I failed. A weekend had to take its course. I sadly dragged up to my bedroom and my ghost. All was still. I slept.

I was awakened by a slow creeping sound under my bed. I sat up and at this moment the Honourable Sybil emerged from under the bed. She stood up. I stared at her in the moonlight. Then she took a pencil from her pajama pocket, reached up to an old oak beam, and *tapped*.

"What are you doing?" I asked huskily.

"Shush! He thinks I'm his mate."

"Who? Whose mate?"

"The beetle's."

Sybil tapped on the beam. Eight taps. Reply—tap-tap-tap—eight taps.

"Look here!" I felt queer. "What is that?"

"The beetle. What else? He thinks I'm his mate. I tap. He answers. Listen!"

The Honourable Sybil tapped. Three taps. The beetle answered. Three taps.

"Do you actually mean to say there's a beetle in my woodwork? Tapping like that?"

"Millions of them. They're devouring it. It'll fall down one of these days. I say, I hope you didn't mind my being under your bed. I—"

"Look here," I put in, "would you rather have your dwelling place haunted by ghosts or by beetles?"

"The answer," laughed the girl coldly, "is obvious."

I thought so too. I asked her if she wouldn't like the house. In reply she rushed and dragged Cyril from his bed. Wasn't it too wonderful, she said, they wouldn't have to go away *today* after all. (Go away? That settled it. Weekends beginning on Thursdays ended on Tuesdays.) They'd get married instead. Here. Today.

"It's too too sweet of you," she said to me. "And so wonderful for Science. You see I'm just doing the chapter on the love-life of the death-watch beetle and if I have this house—I say, it's too *too* divine of you to give me this house—"

"Oh, that's all right," I said quite cheerfully. —FRANCES CRANE

•

SPEAKEASY CATS

WHISKEY—THE TOAST OF EL GATO NEGRO

HERE'S a cat that literally made a speakeasy. El Gato Negro was conceived and dedicated to the proposition that the Spanish aristocracy of Manhattan would surely support one establishment patterned after the famous Gato Negro of Buenos Aires. But no—the caballeros gave the place a wide berth.

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A memorable gathering celebrated the declaration of her first dividend. The five cunning kittens were promptly weaned by proud new owners and nourished on whiskey punch.

Fame came to Whiskey, and to the speakeasy she represented. Finally a distinguished Latin envoy immortalized the place by appearing one dark evening with a large basket on his arm. He called for the *dueño*. Would the Señor be good enough to accept this gift for Whiskey? He opened the basket with a flourish, and a slinky Tom leaped nimbly to the table.

—EDMUND S. WHITMAN

•

False teeth made of steel are among the peace products which the Krupp firm of Essen are turning out now.—*Salt Lake Deseret News.*

Ask the man who gnashes them.

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NEW APARTMENTS

Uptown Studios—For the Young Romantics—Grandeur on the Avenue

THIS year's crop of studio (real or so-called, mostly the latter) apartments having reached the window-cleaning stage, we report duly on a few good ones. It appears that you are entitled to a studio even if you are only slightly artistic—just so you pay the rent; anyhow, it's a way of getting a high ceiling.

FOR the wealthy, picturesque, and not too domestic, No. 322 East Fifty-seventh Street has charms. This is a coöperative building, and has, in various ways, the polished atmosphere you find in them all. Certain features, however, are passing strange to my eyes. Huge two-story studios nearly thirty feet square, supplemented by libraries, large foyers, luxurious bedrooms with fireplaces, dressing-rooms, be-glassed baths, and myriad closets, are given tiny kitchens which are called pantries on the plans, and to which no real pantries are attached. Only one maid's room is provided; altogether it becomes evident that the people who would choose this house never eat lunch, and when not out to dinner, have it sent in from the building's restaurant or from a Park Avenue caterer. There are tastes, though, to which tremendous arched windows, over thirteen feet high, and hand-hewn wide oak floors are irresistible; to them No. 322 is loudly recommended. Its details are beautiful and in the best of architectural tradition; the stairways to the upper halves of the apartments (these being, of course, duplexes) are gracefully turned and handsome.

There are two types of apartments in the house, both still available—eight rooms and four baths, and seven rooms and three baths. The former run from $42,000 to $47,000; the latter from $37,000 to $40,000; all maintenances are ten per cent. If your resources match the prices, see Seaman & Pendergast, 18 East Fifty-third Street, about titles and other trifles.

NO. 14 East Seventy-fifth Street, corner of Madison Avenue, is

the current Tishman offering in studio duplexes, and it merits applause. There are single-floor apartments in the building—their studio living-rooms have two-story ceilings which make them seem lavish—but the more popular are the studios in which a stairway rises to a balcony above. In the smaller suites you eat on the balcony; the larger ones have a dining-room too.

As all the world knows, a Tishman building is one into which you can move with your entire family—dogs, cats, grandmothers, and infants—and find yourself with bathrooms numerous and large enough for all. The kitchens and pantries also move me to orations about the bliss of domesticity, and in this house the bedrooms are really all huge, with cross-ventilation from great windows, and have radiators enclosed in the most modest way. When you are in the studios, with their large windows and open fireplaces, you find the floor-space greater than it appears at first glance—the result of a ceiling just a shade too high for the room. General Electric refrigerators and the kind of stoves that make you hungry are featured here; and an abundance of kitchen cupboards which really credits you with being a housekeeper.

There are two rather remarkable penthouses, each with a sweep of roof-terrace that should satisfy the most rabid outdoor fiend.

Rents run from $4,200, for about the nicest three-rooms-and-bath suite I know, to $7,700 for eight rooms and bath; the two penthouses are respectively $8,500 and $9,000. The former is a duplex, with the living-room on the lower floor, and is worth careful inquiry at the Tishman offices, 285 Madison Avenue.

THE third of my studio-duplex reports concerns No. 434 East Fifty-second Street. This building is not quite so pretentious as the others, but is a thoroughly good one for all that, and of particular interest to young romantics who both work in the daytime and stay home in the evening. There are not many apartments left, but among those remaining for house-hunters are tiny ones of two rooms, and a fine bath, that have an open fireplace, a complete and charming kitchen with gas refrigeration (quiet for the limited space), and three good-sized closets—all for twelve or thirteen hundred dollars. There are also varying forms of three and four-room suites, and apartments of four or five good airy rooms, with a bath for each bedroom, a beautifully equipped kitchen, ample foyers, and studio living-rooms that connect by small stairs with dining-balconies above. The latter cost from $3,100 to $3,500, and provide a good deal of space and charm for your money. Nowhere does the crass necessity of having to cross the living-room to reach the bedroom obtrude upon your peace, and with a little judicious decorating these apartments can be made splendid indeed. From certain rooms you get an oblique view of the river, but I wouldn't bank too much on that. Douglas L. Elliman, 15 East Forty-ninth Street, is in charge.

THE most impressive coöperatives have a way of rising behind your back and getting all sold before you know what they are. However, if you crave a Fifth Avenue address, much grandeur, space, and service, go and look at the remaining apartments of No. 1 East Eighty-eighth Street. This is one of those tall, slender affairs with a single apartment on a floor; and its twelve-room duplex is one of the few I know that recall the plans of old, lovely corner houses. You enter by a private elevator foyer into a large hall with three wide windows, on one side of which is the drawing-room (with vast windows on two sides, some overlooking the park and the lake) and on the other, the dining-room. Each is a tremendous room with a high ceiling, each has an open fireplace, and each would cost a fortune to decorate. There is a small guests' lavatory in the foyer; upstairs are four large bedrooms and three unusually large baths; the corner bedroom over the Park has a fireplace and other features which would make it a fascinating sitting-room. There are a great, glittering kitchen and pantry, and three, or four, maids' rooms—depending on whether you used the extra maid's room and bath on the upper level for a servant, a son, or a governess, since it can be opened into a bedroom ideal for a nursery.

All to be decided after you have paid Mr. Douglas Elliman $110,000 for the apartment, or $40,000 for a seven-room simplex. Well, they have double linen closets and real housemaids' closets, by way of argument.

—PENTHOUSE

•

Keeping all food under cover is the first step toward ridding the house of aunts.—*Albany Journal.*

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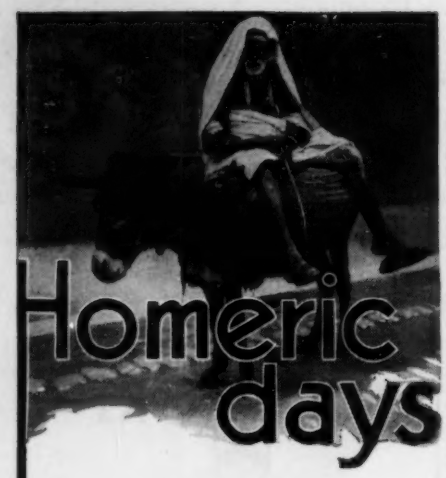

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Victor Herbert Survives A Revival—Footnote

THERE is no pre-season operatic fiesta in town this year, but up at the Jolson Theatre they have a musical-comedy company which is reviving some of the more durable efforts of Victor Herbert, and has produced "Sweethearts" as the first of the attractions.

Already there has been no little philosophical speculation concerning what might have happened if Herbert had encountered only once in his career a librettist whose ability matched his own. He might have been another Sullivan. He might have been another Offenbach. He might have been the Little White Father of American operetta. Actually, Victor Herbert would have been just what he was: an amazing melodist with a canny instinct for operatic effects. "Sweethearts" is not musical comedy, if by musical comedy we mean a musical show. It is, in a literal sense, light opera. This observation touches only on the music; the book is so light that the term "book" is an exaggerated description of it. "Sweethearts," dramatically speaking, has only a pamphlet.

IF you wander to the Jolson Theatre to hear "Sweethearts" (which you will have to do this week, because "Mlle. Modiste" is scheduled for next Monday), pay no attention to the plot—a simple enough assignment—and try not to be disturbed by the comedy. Listen to the score, which is a gorgeous affair. The principal theme, "Sweethearts," is worthy of Johann Strauss and is still inimitably Victor Herbert. "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate" is not only in itself a gracious melody but one capable of striking dramatic development. Its introduction into the somewhat sentimental "Angelus" is one of those felicitous episodes which would have won the applause of so deft a musical dramaturge as Puccini. "Jeanette and Her Little Wooden Shoes" and "Pilgrims of Love" are little masterpieces of comedy in tone, and in "Pilgrims of Love" Herbert had at hand an exceptionally serviceable lyric by Robert B. Smith.

The finale of the first act, prompted by no plausible situation on the stage, achieves a rousing effect entirely through the ingenuity of the composer. This finale alone is worth the price of a ticket for any young musician who is studying the lyric drama. The instrumentation is, for the most part, the sharply pointed lush which Herbert managed so ably. Particularly inquisitive auditors will find in the orchestration an interesting foreshadowing of a melody that later became "When You're Away" in "The Only Girl."

Somebody has interpolated in "Sweethearts" two solos which Victor Herbert never intended for this operetta; and five songs, including the Sullivanian "Game of Love," have been tossed out into Fifty-ninth Street. Still, if anyone doubts that Victor Herbert was a genius, let him hear "Sweethearts."

To serious gentry: It is infinitely better than his grand opera, "Natoma."

NOT all of the merits of "Sweethearts" are apparent in the performance at the Jolson. The choral work, which requires more than competence from the singers, is shoddy, and except for Miss Gladys Baxter none of the principals is up to the demands of Herbert's music. The director, Mr. Louis Kroll, battles vigorously with an uneven orchestra, and succeeds in getting no worse than a draw.—R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Tunes by Gershwin, Kern, and Some Lesser Contemporaries

IN times gone by, George White's "Scandals" boasted scores by George Gershwin and later by the eternal triangle, De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson. This year the songs emanate from Mr. White and Cliff Friend, and if they have not the distinction of previous "Scandals" ariosos they are at least effective and not hard to remember. A session at the piano indicates that "Love Is Free to Every One" is the best thing in the present incarnation of the revue.

So far, there has been nothing overwhelming in the new productions, except in one. The "Murray Anderson's Almanac" assembly has a few pretty lightweights, like "Tinkle Tinkle." "Show Girl," which came to town during this department's summer hegira, has been maligned as a piece without a hit, but I fancy that the merits of "Liza" and "So Are You"

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have been underestimated. Many a Gershwin score has been dismissed jauntily only to rise up and haunt its dismissers over the radio.

The exception noted above? Obvious! "Sweet Adeline," of course. This latest model from the Kern atelier will be examined more thoroughly at another time.

BY the way, there are two new Berlin songs available—"Waiting at the End of the Road" and "Swanee Shuffle," both included in the music for "Hallelujah." Not the best of Berlin, but good Berlin, nevertheless.

I am unable to keep track of all the talkie theme songs, but the screen "Rio Rita" has a newcomer by the writers of the original comedy—"Sweetheart, We Need Each Other"—and this tune won't be buried.

MOST of the non-show attractions continue along the even Rudy Vallée tenor of their way. Such as:

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. Just a love song, and not such a bad one, as they go nowadays.
SAME OLD MOON—SAME OLD JUNE. One of the most ingratiating fox trots of the new crop.
OVER AND OVER AGAIN. An unusually well made semi-torch ballad, in which repetition is used for a subtle effect.
SATISFIED. A smug little thing, with a smug little tune.
LOVE ME. A waltz, imported from France. Very good.
I LIFT UP MY FINGERS AND SAY "TWEET TWEET." Also an importation—from England. Remarkably silly, and more than likely to be a hit.
LOVE DIVINE. A serious sort of waltz, harmonized with more than the usual ingenuity. Substantial and still agreeable.
THE ALBUM OF MY DREAMS. Nothing about anybody's souvenirs in this music.
THAT RHYTHM MAN. The Rhythm Man boasts a good tune.
HELLO, MARGOT. A pleasing variation from the made-by-the-metronome fox trot.
MISS YOU. Amorous nostalgia, well exhibited.
MY HEART IS BLUER THAN YOUR EYES. Also sad, but excellent for dancing.

—POP

•

I have it on excellent authority (which an education deficient in "Peregrine Pickle" and Roderick Random' prevents from being m own authority) beat Miss Parson's dumped a handfgul of smallest characters into New England and beat her pla about the do-dreaming commodore, is the resulting happy nybrid. At any rate the language, nibeusely, and usually most divertingly nauhial, has an eighteenth century smartness and full-bloodedness. There are superb lines in it, sometimes lige some sea-going Congreve, sometimes like the way the coast of Maine must have looked a helf-century ago.—*Robert Littell in the World.*

Aw, he's just kidding.

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FOOTBALL

Some Coaches Come East
—Closed to the Public
—The Machine Age

CERTAINLY no one can say that the East, so far as sport is concerned, is reactionary. If the West produces a consistently successful team we do not hesitate to adopt the West's ideas. After the University of Washington sent some first-rate crews to the Hudson there followed a period when almost every Eastern college had a rowing coach who had graduated from Washington; and now there are indications that the West will soon have a corner on the football-coaching market as well.

Harvard has had Western coaches ever since Arnold Horween was brought to Cambridge from Chicago; this season some more Western coaches have been taken on. Yale sent to Notre Dame for Adam Walsh, and Columbia went far west for two coaches. Consequently there has been talk of Warner methods being introduced at this place and that. As a matter of fact the Warner methods are merely a return to something which started here. Warner was not always operating from California, and he and his methods have not changed a great deal since the Carlisle days. They have simply ripened and matured.

AT this stage Yale is the most interesting of the Eastern teams. Yale has always been the seat of the traditional in football. Justly or not, its elevens have long been regarded as ponderous, slamming outfits relying on old-fashioned power and stubborn courage. This year, however, there have been some innovations at New Haven. Practice was closed to the public unusually early. It is no secret that Marvin Stevens, successor to Tad Jones, has definitely broken away from the Old Guard. His confidence is entirely unshaken by last year's poor record; with the assistance of Walsh, he is trying to teach his charges new tricks.

There is added interest in this situation, for the team is to be tested out sooner than has been customary in recent years. On October 12, Yale goes south of Mason and Dixon's Line for the first time, to repay—in kind, if possible—Georgia's visits to the Bowl.

CHARLES CROWLEY, coach of Columbia, is discouraging to those who like to believe in the Warner-revival stories. "We've been using Warner plays here for years," he says; and a glimpse at practice proves it. Because Columbia has steadily, and somewhat courageously, steered clear of much of football's ballyhoo, this fact has gone more or less unnoticed.

Columbia did not stop with the importation of coaches from the West. A contrivance has also been imported, which marks the arrival of the machine age in football. It practically is a mechanical team.

The West, it seems, has been using this device for some time, and there is a similar machine at Annapolis. Nowhere else in the East has it been tried out, but to judge from one glimpse of it at work, it should prove to be a good idea. Certainly it is interesting. Two sets of iron posts bear steel wires, on which are hung sandbags representing an opposing eleven on the defensive. The two dummy ends are placed beyond the line of scrimmage, where the men would be after a play opened in action. Each defending dummy is secured at the top and bottom by elastic cords. Thus, if you hit one too soon, it snaps back and "tackles" the runner. Ordinary sandbags are used for the defending backs.

Its purpose is to cut down scrimmaging injuries, but the machine also provides a vivid and accurate means of illustrating the theory of a play, for the dummies are far too gentlemanly to go where they shouldn't as a strategic move is being worked out against them.

Incidentally, the way coaches theorize is, to the lay observer, often amusing. Each play is discussed without taking into account what opponents will do. When it goes wrong, it is because one of your men has failed to carry out his assignment, never because the other team was too good for him.

ODDS AND ENDS: Columbia, as the result of last year's alumni symposium on "What's the matter with Columbia football?," has adopted flaring new jerseys. Several of the graduates felt that the dull old uniforms were a psychological factor in Columbia's lack of success. . . . Chick Meehan never scrimmages his N. Y. U. varsity on the defence in practice. "Give them the habit of attack," he says. . . . This year's Army team will do more travel-

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Believe it or not—but the glories of Indian Summer in the "Land of the Sky"—affect even the stoical Indians. When early frosts begin to paint the mile high mountains in flaming hues of red and gold the Cherokees give their Fair. The Cherokee Fair is one of the high spots of the autumn season at Grove Park Inn. The Fair is held under U. S. Government supervision on the Cherokee Indian Reservation within three hours drive of the Inn. It is the last remnant of aboriginal life in Eastern America. Come to Grove Park Inn for the Indian Fair and Indian Summer. The Inn itself is a treasure house of interest and beauty, the cuisine is incomparable . . . the service flawless . . . golf at your front doorstep on the Country Club Course front lawn of Grove Park Inn. The Indian Summer season is at its height now. Reservations are desired in advance.

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ling than ever. Trips to Illinois and New York will precede the game at Stanford in December; to which, by the way, the team will make the trip in special Pullmans fitted with radios and hot and cold showers. . . . Alumni in the Middle West are to have a glimpse of Harvard at Michigan. . . . And the East will see California at Pennsylvania. . . . The present lull gives way on October 19 to a long series of Saturdays on which there will be at least four important games going on at once. —R. F. K.

•

THE LONG-DISTANCE CHESS MATCH

"LONG distance, please. . . . Hello, long distance? . . . I want to speak to Sydney, Australia. I want Dr. José Govine at the City Club in Sydney. This is Doctor Alkaline at the Chess Club. . . . Susquehanna 2913.

"Hello. Dr. Govine? . . . No, I want Dr. José Govine. I think you may find him up in the private card-room playing chess. . . . Hello, is this you, Doctor? . . . I can't hear you very well. . . . Never mind; I just wanted to know whether you've made your next move. . . . I say, I've moved—have you? . . . Hello, operator. Please don't cut me off; I'm playing a chess match in Australia. Please get off the wire. . . . Hello, Govine. I said, I've moved. . . . What do you mean, 'my new address'? I'm talking about our chess tournament. Don't you remember? It was my turn, you know. Didn't you phone last week to say you'd moved the king's knight's pawn to knight six? . . . I say, didn't you phone? . . . No, this isn't the bell captain—it's Alkaline in New York. . . . I say, didn't you phone last week to say you'd moved the king's knight's pawn? . . . Hello, Govine. . . . Operator, what's the matter with this connection? . . . Well, try them again, please.

"HELLO, Govine? . . . This is Alkaline in New York. . . . We were cut off. Did you leave word with the night clerk that you'd castled week before last? . . . That's odd. There was a note in my box saying you'd castled. So I answered you with a queen's gambit day before yesterday. Then, last week you phoned about that pawn threat. I was getting my shoes shined when you

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called and—I say, I was getting a shine when you called, and when I got back to my room there was a message saying you'd moved the knight's pawn to king's bishop five. . . . What! You sent last month's move by mail? Why, I didn't get that move, Govine. . . . Are you sure they put it on that boat? . . . I say, are you sure it got the boat? . . . Well, I'll call up the steamship line and check up on that. I got your picture post card of the Sydney station, but I never got a move from you. . . . I tell you what we better do, Govine. Put back that bishop I took, and I'll put back my queen's knight. . . . Yes, we'll continue from there. . . . Now, just a minute till I have a look at my board and I'll tell you. . . .

"Hello, Dr. Govine? . . . Sorry, but some careless waiter has knocked the board over. . . . I say, the game's off—a waiter upset all my men just now. . . . Anyway, we'll have to try it again some time soon. . . . It's good fun, don't you think? . . . All right, you can get me in Palm Beach after the third move. . . . Oh, the weather's been great all summer. We need rain, though . . . I say, we could use some rain."—JACK CLUETT

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THE CHILDREN'S QUARTER OF AN HOUR

Excuse me while I run upstairs
To supervise the babies' prayers
And see what's ailing little Ned—
Amanda, come along to bed.
You know you can't have Roquefort cheese,
Now come along with Mother, please.

You put that cocktail down this minute,
It won't improve with fingers in it.
Amanda, come! I want to hear
You sing your bedtime hymn, my dear.
Oh naughty girl! I shouldn't think
You'd want to spoil your mother's drink. —MARGARET FISHBACK

•

MY WIFE LEFT HOME, 26 June. Description: a big, stout woman about 35 years. Her right eye is in half. She is accompanied by a middle sized man about 40 years old, with a white face. Name, K. Yanicki. Anyone knowing of their whereabouts please notify F. Dowbenko, 132 Pittsburg Avenue, Soo, Ont. Notifier wil receive $5 reward.—*Montreal Star.*

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RECENT BOOKS

Literary Marvels—Luck and the Seven Merritts —Up-State Humor

THE collected works of Alexandre Dumas fill twelve hundred volumes. The man himself lived another twelve hundred volumes. No wonder that Herbert Gorman entitled his biography of Dumas "The Incredible Marquis." No wonder that a contemporary called Dumas a "force of nature." He wrote novels and lived them; he wrote plays and dramatized himself. Louis-Philippe spoke of him as an overgrown schoolboy, and Alexandre *fils* summed up his parent as "my son, who was born when I was a small boy."

Mr. Gorman's biography of this engaging man is the best reading of its kind since Francis Hackett's "Henry the VIIIth." It has the full-blooded vitality and the romantic rush of Dumas' own work. Mr. Gorman does not make the mistake of carping at his hero, for a Romanticist must be enjoyed without being analyzed, but he presents him in terms of action. Dumas' life was rich with material. The man bounces through the book as he bounced through life, performing unbelievable capers easily and naturally. Of Dumas' emotional life, Mr. Gorman can only remind you that he was polygamous, which states the case accurately and succinctly; but his immorality was redeemed by Latin fervor and the naturalness of the African jungle.

Dumas, of course, was no lonely soul struggling on the heights; his story is also the history of the Romantic movement in Paris between 1830 and 1870. Mr. Gorman has done remarkably well with the background of this age of literary marvels, being careful to shy away from comparisons and from too close a scrutiny of Dumas' own work. He also writes entertainingly of the gaudy and implausible politics of a nation not yet recovered from the Revolution and Napoleon, and he is at his best in his account of Dumas' assault and capture of the Théâtre-Français. If Dumas, as a dramatic poet, did not always sing well, at least he sang loud and all of Paris stopped to listen. He irritated Victor Hugo, and Balzac called him "that negro," but his energy topped even their prodigious industry. In his day he outroared them both and, if he didn't top them in literary quality, he licked them by main strength.

By the time you read this "The Incredible Marquis" will be among the best-sellers. It is decidedly a work for those who like to dig in for the evening with something solid but rousing. Literary gentlemen may read it and be tormented by the fact that their grandmothers, unhappily, were white.

HUGH WALPOLE also inspects the literary temperament in his novel "Hans Frost." He takes the trouble to deny that Hans, represented as a great figure in modern English literature, was drawn from life. Hans is something of a composite portrait. Mr. Walpole's book begins with Hans as a successful and elderly novelist whose work is already outdated. The Master is coddled and made wretchedly comfortable by his wife, who has money. He is badgered by his mother-in-law. He is cherished as a relic by the younger literary men.

The novel is the story of Hans' rebellion against easy-chair comfort and dinner-party fame. A young niece causes the trouble. Mr. Walpole is obscure about why the girl stirs such profound unrest in Hans' soul; she is completely uninteresting and whenever she intrudes on the scene the book becomes slightly "Peg o' My Heart." The girl is merely fiction. However, Hans' war with Mrs. Frost is life, and the old novelist himself is real; too real, in fact, for the popular-novel setting into which Mr. Walpole often thrusts him.

PAUL DE KRUIF writes like a movie—like a super-special movie that teaches a lesson. He puts scientific information into visual form, surrounds it with drama, and peoples it with heroes and heavies. His is the covered-wagon school of informative writing.

"Seven Iron Men" is the saga of the seven Merritt boys, who insisted that there was iron in the Mis-sa-be Range back of Duluth. The presence of iron in them thar hills was an inherited conviction with Leonidas Merritt and his family rather than the result of scientific investigation. The Merritts, like hundreds of others, were pioneers who made discoveries by instinct rather than logic; and, like the other scouts, the spoils of their work quickly slipped from their hands. The Merritts narrowly missed being one of the richest families in America, and Mr. de Kruif has his own opinion about who snaked the wealth of Mis-sa-be from them. At times you feel that Mr. de Kruif is too near, in point of years, to the persons in his book; that the events are so recent that he has been obliged to stick uncomfortably to facts. In a hundred years the story of the "Seven Iron Men" would have gathered more glamour and more drama.

WRITING as one who cannot resist a "Gypsy Dream Book," I like "Luck," by Lothrop Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard sent out questionnaires to all those whose lives must be just one questionnaire after another to find out just what part luck had played in their success. The modest darlings, forgetting their interviews about perseverance and hard work, nearly all obliged with anecdotes of lucky breaks.

However, the book is lots of fun. Dr. Stoddard tells how the heat affected Cal Coolidge's presidential chances, and goes beyond the modern instances of luck and shows you what a thunderstorm did to Napoleon at Waterloo. He also has some good stories of historic gambling breaks.

TO me, Kin Hubbard is funnier than Will Rogers; to me, he is the typical American humorist. It is the shame of the New York press that Abe Martin has no representation in the city. The old *Morning Telegraph* was loyal to Abe for years, and the *World* tried him out, but abandoned him. One must buy an Albany newspaper to discover Abe leaning against a sign that says: "No Torch Slaying on This Farm."

Mr. Hubbard puts Abe Martin in book form once a year. The current edition is "Abe Martin's Town Pump." In it you meet Miss Fawn Lippincut, who gives this advice for staying young: "Treat ole people reverently an' kindly but don't chum around with 'em." There is Lile Tharp, who "wuz held up an' robbed while exercisin' his police dog." And Mrs. Leghorn Tharp, president of the Colonial Bridge Club, who is "afraid of bein' bumped off 'cause she knows so much."

But buy the book for yourself.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON's newest is "The Uncertain Trumpet." The heroine is named Dawn. She is married to Pelham Heritage. Their neighbors are the Flogg-Wallopers—the hard-hunting Flogg-Wallopers. If you want to know more about it, here is a conversation between the new vicar

"So you've never been there? My dear, you've missed a lot! Why, one would think one was on the Continent . . . such ease, such luxury, such service! The most perfect food, so alluringly prepared, fruits and vegetables fresh from the garden, such miraculous pastries and desserts! What a treat you have coming to you . . .

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of Ashton Parva and Banjo Heritage, the village drunkard. The vicar speaks:

"This your place, eh? My word, this is jolly. Books? Always look at those first."

"Only a few scrubby textbooks, I am afraid," Banjo told him, "and a poet or two."

"Ah, you like poetry?" David cried.

"'Bout the only thing I do like. You?"

"Oh, keen, man, keen! Who have you got? Ah, Wordsworth, straight to my hand!"

"Good on you, Vicar! Wordsworth—stark beauty, eh?"

"The very phrase! Stark, sheer, unadorned, not a frill. Oh, I am enjoying myself! Shelley next to him; state Shelley."

"Flames," said Banjo, "flaming beauty!"

And that, gentlemen, is culture in the provinces. —A. W. S.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

HANS FROST, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). Study of an elderly novelist whose soul is unnecessarily wracked by an ingénue. Hans Frost himself is real, but the rest is fiction.

CHÉRI, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). Wicked story of a gigolo and, alas for morals, excellently written.

DEATH OF A HERO, by Richard Aldington (*Covici, Friede*). Why a man preferred being a dead soldier in France to being a live artist in London.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, by André Gide (*Knopf*). One of those why-my-marriage-failed diaries.

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (*Little, Brown*). Continuing the history of a matriarchal group in Canada.

THE SWORD IN THE SOUL, by Roger Chauvire (*Longmans, Green*). A Frenchman writes of Ireland during the war.

HORSES IN THE SKY, by Larry Barretto (*Day*). More American boys in France—and again, the war.

HOUR UPON THE STAGE, by Ann Pinchot (*Dodd, Mead*). Rather slimy immigrant family in Michigan. Very much that facts-is-facts school of writing.

THE LOVE OF THE FOOLISH ANGEL, by Helen Beauclerk (*Cosmopolitan*). The earthly adventures of a gentlemanly young devil, beautifully and fragilely written.

ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). Surgical analysis of marriage in the best modern French manner.

TEN TO ONE IN SWEDEN, by Paddy Sylvanus (*Appleton*). Sprightly and not over-friendly study of Scandinavians by an English governess who lived in Sweden—and remained an English governess.

LONE TREE, by Harry Leon Wilson (*Cosmopolitan*). Heavily sentimental tale of a rich cattleman who refused to eat artichokes; but it's by Harry Leon Wilson.

OTHERS WHO RETURNED, by H. R. Wakefield (*Appleton*). Short stories of ghosts that are really ghosts and not loose shutters.

Less recent:

ULTIMA THULE, by Henry Handel Richard-

son. THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green. THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS, by Henry Williamson. WINGS ON MY FEET, by Howard W. Odum. AGAINST THE WALL, by Kathleen Millay. SINGERMANN, by Myron Brinig. LIFE GOES ON, by W. G. Rogers. THE HALF PINT FLASK, by DuBose Heyward. RED CAVALRY, by I. Babel.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

CROOKS OF THE WALDORF, by Horace Smith (*Macaulay*). . . . TEN REAL MURDER MYSTERIES, by Sidney Sutherland (*Putnam*). . . . THE MARK OF THE RAT, by Arnold Fredericks (*Sears*). . . . MAMMOTH MYSTERY BOOK, three complete novels by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . BEWARE AFTER DARK, compiled by T. Everett Harré (*Macaulay*). . . . THE PERFECT MURDER CASE, by Christopher Bush (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE MAN WHO RANG THE BELL, by Milward Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Alexandre Dumas, who lived and wrote romance, in the best of the current biographies.

SEVEN IRON MEN, by Paul de Kruif (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pioneering story of how iron came to Andrew Carnegie.

LUCK, by Lothrop Stoddard (*Liveright*). Collection of anecdotes which prove just what you've suspected all along—it's all in the breaks.

ABE MARTIN'S TOWN PUMP, by Kin Hubbard (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Rural American humor at its best.

THIRTY TALES AND SKETCHES, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, selected by Edward Garnett (*Viking Press*). Beautiful essays for those who delight in the glory of words.

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, by Grace Flandrau (*Harcourt, Brace*). Some delving into little-known tribes of Africa. Cultured exploration.

MARLBOROUGH, by Donald Barr Chidsey (*Day*). The biography of the fellow who married Sarah Jennings.

YOU CAN ESCAPE, by Edward H. Smith (*Macmillan*). How to get out of prison without a pardon from the governor.

THE TRAGIC ERA, by Claude G. Bowers (*Houghton Mifflin*). Events and personages of the Reconstruction period brought to life in a dramatic book.

LIFE'S EBB AND FLOW, by Frances, Countess of Warwick (*Morrow*). Gossip and romance of a vanishing era as remembered by one of its great ladies.

A GREAT RICH MAN, by Louise Schnutz Boas (*Longmans, Green*). The success story of Sir Walter Scott.

THE LIFE OF LADY BYRON, by Ethel Colburn Mayne (*Scribner*). Scandal that has become literature.

INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY, by Erwin Wexburg (*Cosmopolitan*). How you get that way, by a post-Freudian.

Less recent:

CHICAGO: THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith. MARIE ANTOINETTE: THE PLAYER QUEEN, by John Garber Palache. MRS. EDDY, by Edwin Franden Dakin. SKIPPY AND OTHER HUMOR, by Percy Crosby. DAWN GINSBERGH'S REVENGE, by S. J. Perelman.

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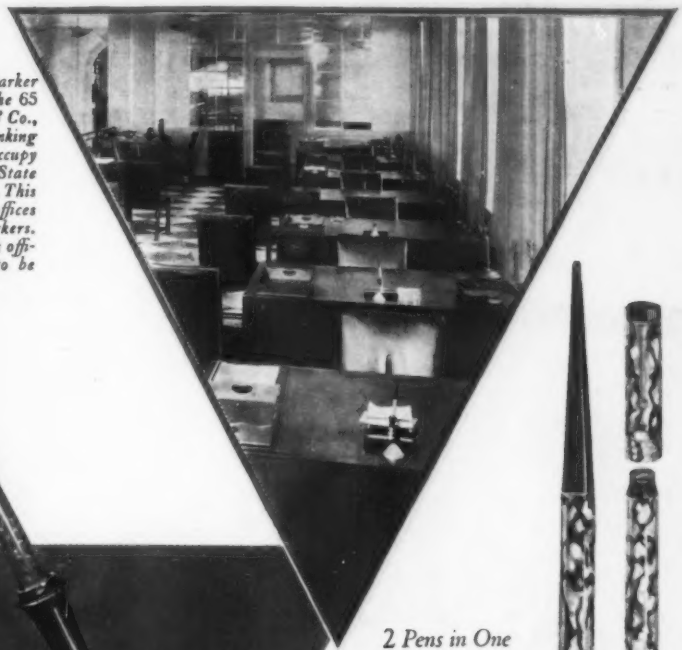
.. the productive way

Ends Pen-Dipping .. Puts Lost Motion at Work .. and Brings 2 Pens in One, for Desk *and* Pocket



The census taker found Parker Sets on every one of the 65 desks of A. G Becker & Co., the great investment banking house, whose offices occupy 26,000 sq. ft. in the new State Bank Building, Chicago. This view of the Becker offices shows a few of the Parkers. Desks of the State Bank officials were also found to be Parker equipped.

2 Pens in One

Removable taper changes the Parker from a Desk Pen to a Pocket Pen when you leave the office, or vice versa on arrival. No other is convertible. Parker includes free a complete cap and pocket clip with every Desk Pen. Hence a Duofold pen does for two of other makes.

Pen-dipping has resigned in favor of Non-stop Writing, and the quicker your business falls in line the better prepared to meet a competitive world.

This swift and extensive trend is exemplified in the new State Bank Building, Chicago, containing acres of desks equipped with Parker Desk Sets. Here a census taker recently counted Desk Sets in 115 offices. And Parker led all others, exceeding the second by 24%.

Likewise from New York's sky-line to the Golden Gate—business—*Good Business*—has turned to Parker Fountain Pen Desk Sets for *a shorter way* and *a more productive day!*

Parker Desk Sets bring the Parker Convertible Pen with taper for desk use, and cap and clip for pocket, without extra charge. It writes with Pressureless Touch. A pen holding 24% more ink than average, size for size; and **Guaranteed Forever against all defects.*

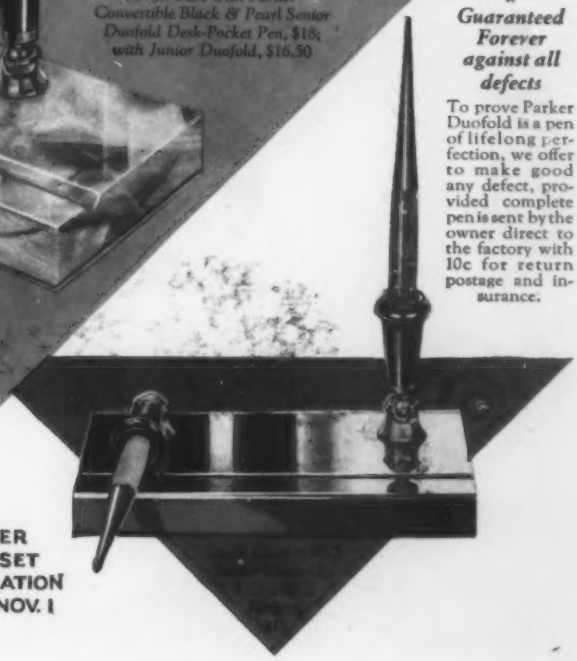
As graceful and light as a dart—28% lighter than rubber. For it's made of Parker's Non-Breakable Permanite—lustrous, jewel-like, colorful.

Instead of an ink-spattered ink-well with corroded pen, you have here an ornamental base in onyx, marble, porcelain, or glass—that holds your Parker ready within *sight* and *reach.*

Inaugurate productive writing in your office by stopping at a nearby pen counter for a Parker Desk Set.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wis. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Heidelberg, Germany.

Onyx Base with Parker Convertible Black & Pearl Senior Duofold Desk-Pocket Pen, $18; with Junior Duofold, $16.50

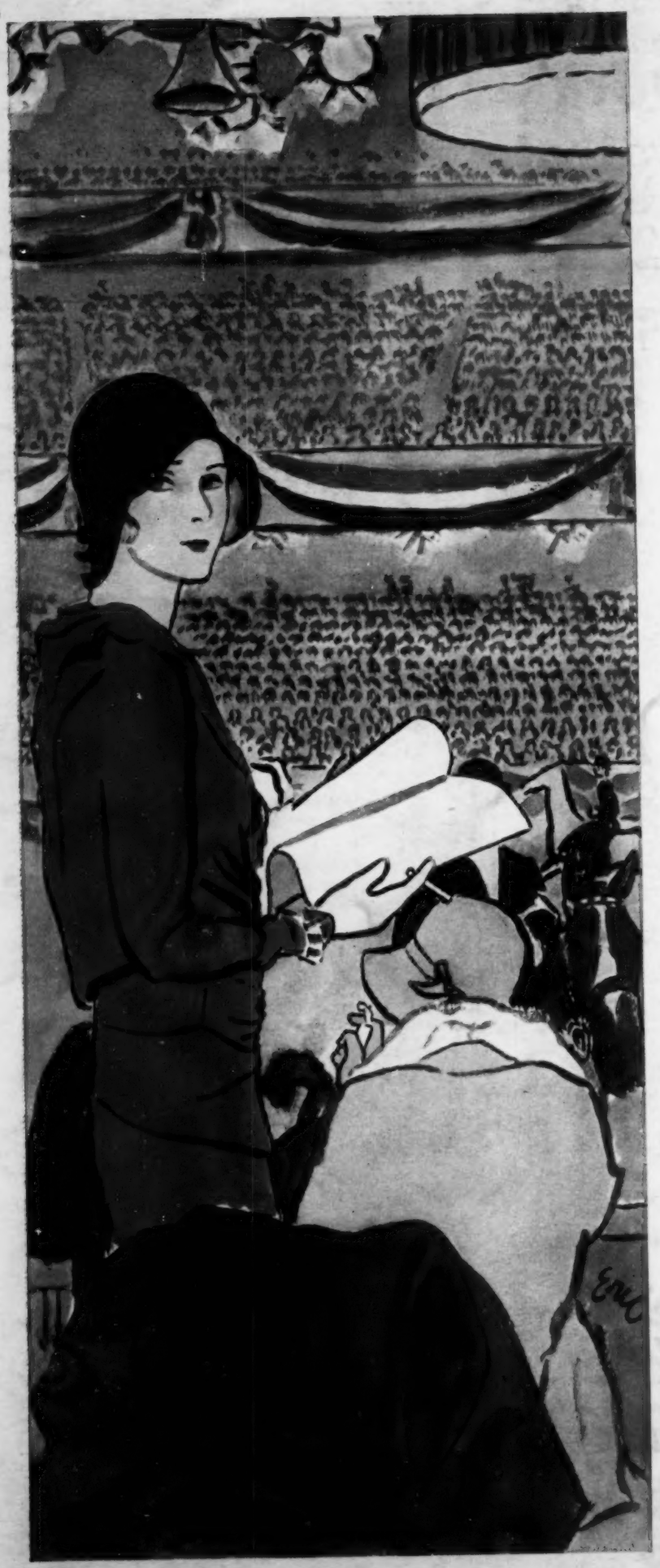


* ***Guaranteed Forever against all defects***

To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

Parker Duofold Desk Sets

PARKER DESK SET INAUGURATION OCT. 7 - NOV. 1



Well Bred

Horsemen have a saying that "blood will tell," and the same principle applies to most of the good things of life... good clothes, good manners, good society, and good tobacco.... For the essence of all fine breeding lies in a capacity for selection. And the delicacy and mellow fragrance which are so characteristic of Camel Cigarettes are the result of one of the most painstaking processes of selection in the world.

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